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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

BY REV. S. BRISTOL.

The doctrine of the evolution of man from the lower species of animals has gained large currency in scientific circles. It is impossible to say how widely it is accepted among the ministers of the various denominations and by the professors in our theological seminaries. That it prevails alarmingly, and is spreading, there can be no doubt. Naturally connected with, and growing out of, this doctrine is the claim of great antiquity for our race—an antiquity which sets the Bible account of the creation of man at naught; at best a myth, hitherto misleading, and hereafter of little account. Professor Wright of Oberlin claims to have found in the glacial drift, and perhaps ante-glacial, fossils and stone implements, the work of man, which prove his existence on the earth from 20,000 to 100,000 years back. Professor Winchell of Michigan agreed essentially with him, as also many other geologists. Professor Le Conte of this State is understood to agree fully with them.

The difficulty of reconciling this theory with the Book of Genesis is serious in the extreme. If we set it aside as a vagary of a puerile age—as Professor Harper is reported to have done—what becomes of faith in the other books of the Bible which rest upon it, and so often allude to it as equally inspired with themselves? If we explain away its obvious teachings, so as to make it consistent with evolution and the existence of man one hundred thousand years ago, will not the principles of interpretation adopted make havoc of the other Scriptures when applied to them? More than one has written to Professor Wright, urging him to give to the public a reconciliation of his teachings with those of Moses, and thus save us from a new onslaught of unbelief. But though an Oberlin professor, he has, so far as I know, done little to neutralize the poison of his theory. But admitting that a skull, or tooth, somewhat like human, or an arrow-head, or a pestle and mortar, have been found in gravel or rock, laid, say 50,000 years ago, is there any proof that the being to whom they belonged was truly a man? That is, such as man is now, a moral being, capable of knowing God, his law, and claims on his soul? Is there any proof that the pre-glacial creature these scientists call man knew right from wrong, was accountable, immortal? A beaver can cut down a tree, build a dam, and raise a pond for his purpose. So a monkey can do many things indicating considerable intelligence. But it takes vastly more to constitute a man in the image of God—moral, accountable, immortal. Was Wright's pre-glacial man such a being? And, if so, what and where are the proofs?

2. There is a vast chasm, physically, between a monkey or beaver and a man. If, through gradual changes, rising upward from one type to another, ages untold, till at last the monkey became a man, where, where are the intermediate forms? And echo answers, "Where?" Or, if as some suggest, the creature called man was a "sport," a wonderful and accidental development from a diverse and vastly inferior ancestry, then we ask, is it not quite as easy to believe man was the direct work of God, as of a so-called accident—an unintelligent "sport"? Which best accords with reason, with Scripture and sound sense?

3. The Scripture account of man is that he was made in the image of God, and set upon his courses on the earth some seven or eight thousand years ago; and not, as Wright and Company say, from 20,000 to 100,000 years since. What say facts, in stone, and iron, and brick, and wood, in pyramids, in monuments, and ruins of ancient works of skill, such as indicate the intelligence of the present race? They abound in Mexico, in Egypt, in Assyria, in India, and other parts of the world. Are there any of them more than seven or eight thousand years old? Nobody pretends they are older than that. All behind that date is a mental desert, unrelieved by so much as a wall or foundation of a single city, or dwelling, such as since then men have built everywhere. What then? It follows that, about 8,000 years ago, the race which had slept for a hundred thousand years, according to Wright, awoke and sprang into being, the intellectual and moral athletes we now find them to be!

How shall we account for this sudden evolution in humanity, this change so vast and radical which took place at the period when the

Bible says, "God made man in his own image, in the image of God made he man?" Which is easiest to believe—that another "sport" or stage of development, suddenly made man what he is, or that, as the Bible says, God then put forth his hand and made the new creature man, who has since filled the world with cities, temples of worship and monuments of his wonderful skill?

Tell us, Professors Wright & Co., if the present race of men belonged to the family of him of the "Calaveras skull" and the glacial era, how will you account for the profound slumber of his soul for 50,000 years, leaving not a single token of improvement to mark development or progress? Is that like man? And, further, tell us what broke his slumber, and made him the being he now is, first, at the time when the Book of God says he began to be on the earth?

4. The Bible locates the place of man's creation "eastward in Eden," on the borders of the Euphrates and Tigris. How happens it that all history—written, traditional and monumental—represents the nations as marching away from that quarter to the places they now occupy? Language, also, from all lands, looks back to the same quarter as the source from which it sprang. Singular, that if men existed over all the earth, and had for 50,000 years! Our contention, then, is that man, as a moral being, was created on the earth, according to the Bible, some 7,000 or 8,000 years ago, and that prior to that time there is no proof that such a being existed on earth.

VENTURA.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The bill providing for the opening on Sunday of several of the Government buildings in this city was discussed at the summer stated meeting of the Presbytery of Washington City, held this week, and a resolution unanimously adopted disapproving of any legislation having for its object the opening of public buildings on the Sabbath. It was proposed that every minister in the Presbytery should preach a special sermon against this bill, but it was decided that the bill had not developed support enough to make that necessary. It is probable also that the powerful sermon preached against the bill last Sunday by Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland was considered by his brother ministers to be all that was needed on the subject at present. The Presbytery also adopted a resolution approving the action of the last general assembly, opposing the appropriation of public funds for the support of sectarian or denominational schools. It must not be understood that the other Washington ministers are in favor of Sunday opening. On the contrary, it is doubtful if three Protestant ministers could be found in the entire District of Columbia willing to endorse the Sunday-opening of government buildings, although several Catholic priests have done so. If there was the slightest indication that the bill in question was in danger of becoming a law the ministers would quickly begin an organized fight against it. The adoption of the resolution by the Presbytery was more in the nature of a declaration of principle, than a fight against this particular bill, and the only reason there have been no similar resolutions adopted is that there has been no other meeting of ministers since the bill was introduced.

The Logan family has broken up for an indefinite period. Mrs. Logan will go to Europe for a stay of a year or more, and her daughter, Mrs. Major Tucker, and her children have gone to reside at St. Paul, where the major is now stationed. It is not yet announced whether Mrs. Logan will rent out or close "Calumet Place" during her absence.

Should a man who engages in the sale of intoxicating liquors, either at wholesale or retail, be allowed to retain his membership in church? It would seem that there should be but one answer to this question from church members, but, strange as it may appear, there are several churches in Washington in which there is a radical difference of opinion among members as to what that answer should be. It seems that nearly all of the Protestant churches have rules against liquor selling by members, and yet, if my information be correct, and it ought to be, as it comes direct from members of the churches concerned, there are disagreements amounting almost to open factions in several of our churches, because their ministers insist that those rules shall be adhered to, and that certain members be compelled to choose between the profits of their liquor business and their church membership, and there

are said to be other churches in which all attempts to raise the question are hushed up because of the big contributions made by men who derive profit from the liquor traffic. Indeed, there was a public meeting of all of the ministers of one of the most numerous denominations in Washington, and in the country, held here not many months ago, at which this liquor question was dodged instead of being squarely met. How the devil must chuckle—pardon the *Rom's Horn*—when he sees the churches temporizing with the liquor traffic for what there is in it. But it was just the same a few years ago with the various lottery schemes, now happily shut out of all, or nearly all, Protestant churches. The Church drove the gamblers out, and, eventually, the Church will drive the rum-sellers out. No man can be a gambler and a Christian, nor can any man be a rum-seller and a Christian.

Owing to the activity of the post-office department officials, the business of sending obscene literature and lewd pictures through the mails has been almost, if not entirely transferred to the express companies. To break up this demoralizing business entirely, a bill was this week reported to the Senate from the Committee on Postoffices, making it unlawful to send obscene literature or lewd pictures by express; the penalty for violation to be a fine of \$1,000 or imprisonment for one year, or both. The bill was introduced by Senator Vilas, whose experience at the head of the postoffice department during the first Cleveland administration convinced him of the necessity for such a law. There should be no doubt about the passage of such a bill, but the express companies have, up to this time, succeeded in preventing the enactment of a law preventing the sending of lottery tickets by express.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 13th.

FROM NEW YORK.

BY L. H. COBB, D.D.

There is gladness in Gotham. Since the days of Tweed there has been no such tempest in the political teapot. The Tammany tiger that has so long had everything municipal, not to say State and national, under its insatiable paw, has found its match in an Investigating Committee, which indirectly it created by its own reckless disregard for law, or candidates for office, or methods in electing them. The American people have a marvelous store of patience, but there are points where even that ceases to be a virtue. That point seems to have been reached.

When the President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime opened his battery in the city papers, and the Madison Square pulpit, some laughed, others said "wait," others sent him a check and a pledge of co-operation to the bitter end.

Dr. Parkhurst says there have been days when he felt lonely. No auditorium on Manhattan Island could begin to hold his warm sympathizers to-day. It will be no fault of his if the reign of Tammany does not end within a twelvemonth. No comedy that has been put on the boards of late has set Gotham grinning like the records of the Lexow Investigating Committee, and nothing has done more to awaken sympathy and co-operation with that Committee than Governor Flower's shameful veto of the Assembly's bill for paying that Committee's expenses. Rarely have witnesses in any case developed such remarkable talent for not remembering, and rarely have more surprising "aids to memory" been brought into use. Rottenness is no name for the state of things already shown to have existed for years, and the worst of it is that it is not, and has not been, a purely local affair. State and national elections and policies have been actually determined right here, and by the vile ring on which investigation is turning its search-light. No amount of learned discussion could have shown the country as these exposures have the overwhelming peril of combining city, State, and national politics. The Committee sitting in New York is in no trivial sense a National Committee. Its work is national work. Results already reached have set Tammany trembling. They have shown what cowards hotly pursued criminals usually are. Other cities will be set thinking, other crooked sets flying. It is a good time to inaugurate a national campaign of reform.

Rev. C. F. Rife, M.D., and wife, missionaries of the American Board, appointed to take the place of Dr. Pease on Kusaie, have arrived from the East, and are at 132 McAllister street.

FROM OREGON.

On the 14th of May last the First Congregational church of Pendleton, by unanimous vote, passed the following resolutions as an expression of its sentiments towards Rev. Charles F. Whittlesey, whose resignation had just been tendered and accepted:

"WHEREAS, The Rev. Charles F. Whittlesey has now been, for more than two years, pastor of the First Congregational church of Pendleton, Oregon, and in the performance of the duties attendant upon such office has so conducted himself as to command the highest respect of all our people, and the fullest commendation of the citizens of Pendleton; therefore be it

"Resolved, By the Congregational church above mentioned that we sincerely regret that circumstances compel the removal of Mr. Whittlesey from our midst, and extend to him our sincere endorsement in any work wherein he may engage.

"Second, That we commend him to such churches of the Congregational body as may be seeking a pastor, as a gentleman in every way worthy the pastorate of any church which may call him.

"Third, That as a man and as a citizen we have found him clean, honorable, upright, daily endeavoring to follow the great Master, in whose service he is, and whose name he always honors.

"Fourth, That to him and his most estimable wife, we give Godspeed in any field of work in which they may enter, believing both to be especially endowed with those qualities which the Christian ministry and kindred work demands. And we state that the reason, and the only reason, for the withdrawal of Mr. Whittlesey from this field is that the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Pendleton have united; and it was the decision of the united body that Mr. Whittlesey should be acting pastor for the period of six months, after which date a permanent pastor should be elected. Had we continued as a separate organization, Mr. Whittlesey would have remained as pastor of the Congregational church."

The First Congregational church of Detroit was organized by Superintendent Clapp last Sunday. This place is on the Oregon Pacific railroad, east of Albany.

A meeting of the Oregon Congregational Club will be held next Friday evening at the First church, this city, and the principal speaker of the evening will be Rev. Dr. Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary.

This is commencement week at Pacific University, Forest Grove, and is the week of all the weeks in the year when everything is at high pressure in the College and in the beautiful town, the interests of which advance or decline in proportion to the interest or lack of interest manifested in the growth of the institution. This is the forty-sixth year since it was established, and marks a new era in its progress, since an event will take place which gives early promise of enlarged facilities and, consequently, greatly enlarged usefulness; viz., the laying of the cornerstone of the new college building. Rev. Dr. Foster will speak to-morrow evening to the College Christian Associations, and Rev. Dr. Wallace of the Portland First church will speak to the Gamma Sigma Society on the subject of "The Regency of Ideals."

The "First Congregational Church of Sunny Side, Portland, Oregon," is now in process of formation, and will no longer be a branch of the First church. Thirty-one members of the First church were recently given letters to unite in the new organization, and a council of recognition will be held soon. Under the efficient direction of Rev. J. J. Staub, the new enterprise is progressing favorably. "Children's Day" was celebrated last Sunday evening, and the exercises were excellent, and were listened to by a large audience.

The church at Oregon City held "Children's Day" services last Sunday, and the church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The work of Rev. John W. Cowan, the new pastor, is already becoming widely felt, and his able sermons attract large audiences all the time. His ability to teach and lead is fully recognized by all.

The "great flood" is rapidly disappearing, and our city is swiftly assuming its normal condition. As the water falls away the damage revealed, especially here in the city, is very light. No goods of any consequence were destroyed, and streets and buildings in reasonably good repair have scarcely been hurt. The chief damage has come by the practical suspension of business by many houses; but as they now begin again,

the additional amount that will be done will soon make up for the losses, so that at the end of the year the volume of business will doubtless be as great as if no inundation had occurred.

During the past week, Sylvester Pennoyer, the misgovernor of this State, in order to show his contempt for public sentiment, and his sympathy for the criminal classes, pardoned nine convicts out of the penitentiary, five of whom were serving life sentences. For the first time in his life he now sees himself as others see him—at least as an overwhelming majority of people of Oregon see him—and he does not admire the picture. Defeated and awfully despondent, he now ungraciously admits that "silence is golden." Two weeks ago he was reveling among the mountain-tops of positive certainty that populism was sure to be victorious, and as a result, he would be the next Senator from Oregon. During the whole campaign, he was an active worker in his own behalf, and traversed the State in all directions, advocating the claims of populist nominees. He now realizes that while he was not attending to his legitimate business at the State capitol, the voters of Oregon were attending to theirs.

The baccalaureate sermon at the University of Oregon was delivered by Prof. H. A. Shorey of this city, to-day.

Geo. H. Himes.

PORTLAND, June 17th.

RAMBLES—II.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

It is Friday afternoon, and we are in Santa Rosa, at the "leading hotel"; but the rival institution with a grander name runs it very close in spite of the disadvantage of being a few hundred feet farther from the depot. A stranger finds some difficulty in deciding on which to bestow his patronage. In due season, we propose a call upon our intimate friend, the Rev. B. F. Sargent. It is early evening, and we walk the street without the least inconvenience from pedestrian traffic. A few dogs rambling with idleness; a sprinkling of boys and people along either sidewalk, and a lone policeman approaching us from an intersecting street, complete the scene as far as human and other life is concerned. The houses are mostly cottages—some quite costly, and all very pretty, each having its "own vine and fig tree," with a variety of other fruit. Within an arrow-shot are fields of alfalfa, oats and other grain, with haying and harvesting from dawn till sunset. The harvest and the prices concern the city as much as the actual farmer who tills the soil. This season the weather has been a trifle treacherous, the probable prices uncertain, and even the country clergyman feels the depression of agriculture all but as much as the parishioner himself. Still the shrinkage is only temporary. Better times are sure to come. The wealth of field and vineyard shall somehow enliven commerce and enrich benevolence. God rules this world for the benefit of his creatures. He doeth all things well. Men interrupt commerce; but—

"He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next."

Our stroll ended at the parson's house. The tidings of Major Woodward's serious illness, already referred to, were solemnly retold by his beloved pastor. Ministers and laity of our denomination who attended the General Association of 1892, in Oakland, will remember that Mayor Woodward served us well as Moderator; and they will not forget to mention in their prayers one whom all knew only to admire. May the Lord give to the Santa Rosa church many more such splendid Christians, as well as restore this smitten one to abundant health. From this cloudy side we looked for the silver lining, and it was soon found in the fact that, on the previous Lord's Day, seven persons entered the fellowship of the church. Other conclusive evidences indicated that the former very successful pastorate is worthily sustained by the present incumbent. At the meeting-house we met a former Plymouthite who is faithfully co-operating in carrying forward the work of the Master in Santa Rosa.

We return to the hotel and leave next morning for Cloverdale. There is something in a name, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding. We wanted to see a clover dale. We found the dale, minus the clover. But Mrs. Gerhardt, a venerable and worthy Christian, a "mother in Israel," whose veracity is vouched for by her pastor, gave the place its

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name, many, many years ago. There was clover here then. There might be clover here now, and there may be, without adding materially to the beauty of one of the prettiest valleys our eyes ever looked upon. Here we met our genial neighbor, the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie; and, after luncheon, true to our intuition, we quietly approached the parsonage door. It was through a wealth of flowers. A very small amount of common sense suggested that it must be a parsonage, a manse owned by the church. Meeting-house and minister's house are conveniently within the same enclosure, and constitute a fine property, without a dollar's indebtedness. Rev. W. L. Jones has spent more than a decade with this people, and over forty years in the State. His vigor is unabated. His congregation is large and loyal. His influence and his usefulness reach beyond the circumference of his own parish; and, at home, he is honored and beloved. He kindly offered us the privilege of preaching, and, on the morrow, we made the attempt. The sanctuary is of good size, with a large lecture-room in the rear. The floor is carpeted, and the seats cushioned. A good choir and a good congregation contributed no small degree of the inspirational environment which made preaching a pleasure, and worshiping a delight. In the evening, Mrs. Chalfant and her temperance band of boys and girls conducted a monthly and interesting service to the delight of a crowded house. We occupy a dual position; as to "bed and board" we are the guests of a well-ordered boarding-house; in other things we are pleasantly pliable to the suggestions of Pastor Jones, who knows every knoll and nook, and the location of every spring. All these objects, like words, have their meaning. "And visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf and hang on every bough."

SAN FRANCISCO: Plymouth Church.

PRESENTATION TO PILGRIM CHURCH.

Pilgrim church, East Oakland, of which Dr. Willett is pastor, was made happy last Sabbath by the presentation by Mrs. C. W. Farnam, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, and Selah Merrill (American Consul at Jerusalem) of a beautiful Parian marble baptismal font. It is inscribed:

In Memory of Our Mother,
LYDIA RICHARDS MERRILL HAWLEY,
From Her Children.

After a most appropriate sermon from the text "Laying aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, let us run with patience the race set before us," Dr. Willett stepped from the pulpit to the platform below, on which the font had been placed. It was simply decorated with a beautiful cluster of Asclepias lilies. Dr. Willett paid a handsome tribute to the glorified saint, who had passed to her reward in the eighty-third year of her life, in 1891. He said it was fitting that one so dearly beloved should be associated with the baptismal waters which would flow in this church for years to come, and thanked the children for the loving hearts that had prompted the gift. After the dedicatory prayer, in which the gift was likened to the gift in olden time of the alabaster box of precious ointment, the children to be presented in baptism were brought forward, thus closing a very delightful service. The church is to be congratulated in having such generous friends. The font is a thing of beauty, and will ever serve not only to keep in memory our dearly beloved Mrs. Hawley, but also the loving thought of Mrs. Farnam, Mrs. Wetherbee, and Mr. Merrill.

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather,
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over."
J. D. W.

Unto the Perfect Day.

[An imperfect copy of these stanzas has recently appeared in our columns. We reprint them in justice to our esteemed contributor, Norman Conway, whose lines they are, having first appeared in the *American Messenger* four years ago.—Ed.]

Into the darkness comes the day,
But not with a sudden burst of splendor,
The shadows are slowly driven away
By touches of light that are faint and tender
At first, just a flush on the eastern sky;
The perfect day cometh by and by.

So to soul-darkness comes the day,
The shadows of doubt and uncertainty linger,
But slowly, surely they pass away
Under the touch of Faith's gentle finger.
Walk in the little light thou hast;
To "the perfect day" thou shalt come at last!

To be truly "consecrated" is to be willing for God to choose your cross.
—Ram's Horn

A COMPARISON OF EVANGELISTIC METHODS.

BY REV. LEON D. BLISS.

This theme is neither historical nor doctrinal in its nature. It is intensely and peculiarly practical. It is peculiarly difficult to speak upon, just because it is so practical, because it extends over so broad an area, because it has to consider first the facts and principles of the gospel, then the soul to which the gospel is brought, and, lastly, the method of the evangelist. In attempting any comparison then, we have in the equation not only the personal factor which is always so difficult of determination, but we have two, at least; and if the gospel is something more than a set of facts and principles, then there are three. The task of making anything like a minute and exhaustive comparison from such a point of view, is, of course, not to be attempted in the limits of this paper. I shall therefore make no attempt to give you a finished dissertation, nor, indeed, to make a carefully-balanced comparison of different methods employed by the same or different evangelists. My endeavor will rather be to offer practical suggestions in a way to open the subject for fuller discussion or inquiry. I take this liberty, because the end of all religious address, and the principles back of it, are universally the same. You do not expect from a paper on this subject a series of anecdotes of what has happened to different people in the ministry of the gospel, nor a mere comparative recital of the different methods used. The principles, the ideas, back of all methods, are very few and simple, while the methods, the ways of applying them are more numerous than the persons who employ them. The nearer the method can be brought to exactly correspond with the idea, the principle, the better. Whatever of method laps over, extends beyond, the idea it seeks to express or fulfill, will usually prove a serious detriment. Method may go so far as to defeat not itself only, but the very principles or work it was designed to secure. Method for method's sake is worse than useless to anyone who has any end to secure. The question arises right here whether in the religious world there is not an over supply of machinery. Whether methods are not sometimes mistaken for the ends of the gospel.

Complicated and ponderous appliances in the world of affairs are everywhere crowded out by more simple and more effective means. The less method and the more direct recurring of results is what is wanted. Much space occupied, much time and adjustment required, are poor recommendations for a piece of machinery nowadays. Ought it not to be so in the religious world where time and labor and results are of so momentous consequence?

Phillips Brooks, in his lectures before the Yale Divinity school, said that "Preaching is the communication of truth by man to men." If by truth is meant, primarily, Christian truth, and if that means Christ, it is not very evident that any method or appliance, beyond what is most effective in a man's communicating Christ to men, is useless, if not harmful? Could any definition of the work of the evangelist be more complete than the Bishop's definition of preaching? If not, as I believe, then are not any and all evangelistic methods to be tested by the actual work done in communicating Christ to men?

Let us look first at the evangelist himself. What is sought is that he deliver his message, that he proclaim Christ. So far as possible he should strive to be *Vox clamantis*. St. Paul's endeavor was to hide so completely behind Christ as to know nothing but him crucified. St. Peter, as other of the apostles, shrank from any following of them personally. Any method which, directly or indirectly, intrudes the person of the messenger in front of his personal message is unworthy of one who seeks to proclaim Christ. Everything artificial is to be avoided. An affected tone, manner and dress are disastrous. "Mannerism is the worst of manners." Whatever gets in the way of the messenger will get in the way of his message. Anything that is less than natural will prove as pernicious as what is extra natural.

This is a broad field to cover. To be always and everywhere one's true, genuine self is a most difficult task. False humility is as miserable as pomposity or conceit. Soiled linen is as much to be dreaded as foppish finery. "Genuineness, and simple-heartedness are the charm of all speech and the beauty of all services." I have read somewhere of a blunt old Irishman, very poor, but not a beggar, uneducated, but he knew the Bible, without polish, ignorant of social etiquette, and yet was the soul of courtesy, who, it seems to me, possessed the first requisite, the first methods of a successful evangelist. He told his pastor that he always put on his coat before he conducted family prayers. That was a very little thing, but it meant a good deal. It was a practical illustration of the inherent fitness of things. One chief requisite of a true evangelist is secured where no incongruity appears between the

message and the person of him who delivers it. It "requires the culture of the heart until the spirit obtains such clearness of vision, such intensity of grasp, such an intuitive perception of what the occasion requires, such a fixed purpose to meet every emergency as it arises, that the proprieties will almost take care of themselves, as fragrance radiates from the rose, and light from the sun." There is no pomposity, no pedantry, no professionalism in the vibrations of either, which proclaim the sun and the rose to men in the messages of light and fragrance. Men gladly take the message without a thought of the bearer of it. It should be so that evangelists bring to men the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon, the light of the Sun of Righteousness. John the Baptist, the first, and, in many respects, the greatest evangelist, declared the first method of evangelistic preaching when he said, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

So much, then, for the man. Let us next notice the communication, the message. First, all mechanism is to be avoided. A wooden, material, mechanical message is dead. Christianity conceived of, as a set of rules and regulations, a code of ethics, a historical compendium, may be suitably promulgated in a mechanical fashion. The reason why men were chosen instead of mechanisms to proclaim the gospel, lay, primarily, in the nature of the gospel. Jesus said: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Christianity is Christ, present, personal, living. The message is not a cunningly-devised fable, but truth, life, is Christ.

The method, the way, then, in which, or by means of which, a man communicates Christ to men, is a matter worthy of most serious consideration. Both the way the message is given, and the substance of the message, demands attention.

The former I will leave with a word. If the man is genuinely and naturally a messenger, forgetful of himself in the importance of his message, he will deliver his message in a natural, direct and earnest fashion. Reverence for the King's business will shut out all charlatanism; the urgency of the message will insure its direct delivery, and will give it proportionate earnestness in the mouth of the herald. Many men have failed of doing the good they might have done, not because they had no message to give, but because of the way they gave it. Want of directness, no doubt, has been the error in the majority of cases. And still many, trying to assume a virtue of naturalness or earnestness where they have it not, have gone down under the weight of their own heaviness. The elder Beecher once said that when he had nothing to say he "hollered." There is a good deal of "hollering"; but it never will compensate for lack of a message, nor secure naturalness or earnestness in delivering one. Very much might be added, but I leave the manner, and go on to consider the matter of the message. Here the thing I would lay special emphasis upon is this: The man who is proclaiming truth to men must believe he has a message. If more men who proclaim the gospel regarded it as a message they were appointed to deliver, a great mass of so-called methods would be done away with. The naturalness, directness, earnestness and power of George MacDonald's sermons are the product not of the man so much as of the message he had to deliver. Bishop Brooks was once asked, in going to Westminster, what sermon he was going to preach. He replied: "Sermon, I have but one." Much preaching fails of doing much good because to preacher and audience the matter of utmost importance is not the message but, as we say, "the treatment of the subject." It is impossible to think of a proclamation of pardon for a company of prisoners, or any message of any moment being given as the Gospel of pardon is often proclaimed, and just because it is not thought of as a message. Take up a morning or evening paper and read the subjects as announced of next Sunday's sermons by the leading heralds of the Gospel. Then look over the themes of Robertson, Guthrie, Bushnell, "Of Being Imitators of Christ," "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." Do you see anything in the comparison? The message is a great one. What we most need nowadays is to give to our message just what we have been failing to give; viz., breadth, largeness of movement, the proclamation of the great messages of the gospel. There is too much fligree, too much brie-a-brac in most evangelistic work in our time.

But while the message is a great one, the giving of it should be very simple. I have heard Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, whose congregations include much of the faculty of Harvard College, say: "My coachman, an uneducated man, is a regular attendant at church. I make it a point to preach the message so simply, so plainly, that that man can understand everything I say, and then I know that there is not a person present who does not get the message." It is most noticeable in the case of every great preacher or evangelist that his style and diction are exceedingly simple. "Preaching over people's heads" is, in most cases, the mark of

small ability. Big words, technical phrases, involved sentences, are as wretched substitutes for a message as "hollering" is. Much preaching is dead and lifeless because it is unintelligible to those who hear it. It is "words, words, words." One is reminded of the sincere old Scotch woman who replied, when asked if her parson was sound, "Ah, mon, he is a sound!" Such preaching, while it may call out admiration for "a wonderful flow of language," has no power to awake the soul to newness of life in Christ. It may dazzle the senses, but will leave them in dizziness and confusion. Dr. Behrends, in a lecture to students, admirably put this whole matter in a nutshell, when he said: "I believe it to be inexorably universal, that what is true is always intelligible, that revelation is unveiling, not mystification, and that the time of the sermon is worse than wasted, unless the message is so phrased that every man can understand it."

But simplicity and directness are not enough. Christianity is pre-eminent a personal matter; sin is personal, forgiveness is personal, goodness is personal, life is personal. The proclaiming of Christ must be personal, too. Not that a man is to be preached at, or prayed at, but is, by preaching, to be led to Christ. To do this work the evangelist must know Christ personally. This is axiomatic. He must know men, too. And this brings me to the last consideration.

The evangel, in proclaiming Christ, must take men just as he finds them, in need of entire moral reconstruction. He must not only point out Christ to them as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, but he must seek to lead them to Christ for the cleansing of their sins. "Salvation," says a recent writer, "means a present manhood after the ideal of Christ, through the instrumentality of divine truth and by the agency of the Holy Spirit." The idea I am seeking to emphasize is that of a "present manhood" after the power of an endless life.

The evangel has to do with mortal men—men in the body. Present forgiveness, heaven here, eternal life here is what men need. That is what the evangelist is proclaiming Christ to men for. Eternity, the judgment, hell, heaven have been regarded too often as belonging to the future, and not only as distant, but in a way detached from the present. I raise the question, whether in this respect the term "probation" has not been unduly emphasized? Does it seem a high grade of morality which urges present piety for the sake of a future reward. It seems to me that it is just here that we make our most serious mistake. We see Christ and his mission distinctly. We have long ago thrown overboard the commercial theories of the atonement; but when it comes to dealing with men we get bewildered. We know this world is a lost world, we urge men to come to Christ to be saved; and still the ruin of sin, the condemnation of unrighteousness, the judgment of the sinner, we think of as remote, as fixed, indeed, for the day of a man's death. So we preach and sing:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

although God says: "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, for now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation."

We do not mean to endorse delay. We do not mean to encourage men to burn the lamp in unrighteousness and sin. We do not mean to put a premium upon eleventh-hour service. We do not mean to overstate our confidence in death-bed repentance. And yet it is a serious question as to how far our preaching has "the undertone of an appeal to prudential motives." How many earnest sermons did you ever hear which, while urging men to immediate repentance and faith, suggested, as the ground of such conduct, the principle, "If you want to go to heaven when you die"? Observation has led me to fear that, all too often, salvation is made a commercial transaction where men trade, barter certain considerations of a time-value, and, in return, receive a future and eternal gain. I put it bluntly on purpose, because I believe we are so familiar with the mistake, if it deserves no severer name, that we are growing blind to its danger.

Man is a sinner, but he is God's child, too. "Heaven is our home," but our conduct away from home is just as serious a concern as when we are at home. The soul is immortal, but no more so out of the body than while in the body. We are all "heirs of eternity," but that eternity is not future only, but present; time flows into it actually, and carries with it the seeds of sin or holiness that we scatter on its surface. All that a man has, and does, and is, has not only a time, but an eternal significance. John the Baptist stands pre-eminent again as an evangelist. He was the voice crying in the wilderness; he had a message to deliver; and, lastly, pattern for all to follow; he had such a deep insight, not only into the being of God, but also into the melody of the human heart, that he cried, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

Temporarily must be slain.

TWO TOPICS.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

The brilliant lecturer, Thomas Starr King, who died at San Francisco early in the time of the Rebellion, began life as a popular Universalist preacher in Massachusetts, but soon joined the Unitarians. The first New England Unitarians were not Universalists, but held to penalty for sin as necessary to a holy and benevolent government of the world. Mr. King, however, retained his opposition to Divine punishment, asserting the natural consequences of evil-doing in its place.

In 1859 he published a tract on "The Relation of This Life to the Next," in which he taught about what our advocates of future probation do now. We are in the eternal world now, he said, and when we die only pass further into it. We experience, then, the natural consequences of the improvement of spiritual privileges here (but he recognizes no reward—Rom. ii: 7), or of our misimprovement of them, without penal consequences (Vs. 8). "We are born into this world to become acquainted with the glory of God"—if we do not, we suffer loss, nothing more. "We must utterly put away the notion that this life, so short, so treacherous, so unequal in its conditions, is our final state of probation." It is denied that men are placed here to prepare for the judgment; that God will condemn any man, for this would be arbitrary and malicious; blasphemous to "liberal Christianity"; that those who believe that the Bible teaches it cannot do any good in this world, as they could if they were future probationists, or fairly represented God. He talks just as they now do at Andover; just as the "Christian Socialists and Secularists" talk. He has no words too severe for "other worldliness." He rightly judges that this question at issue between orthodox and heterodox is "one of the most important questions at issue between the two schools of religious thought." The evangelical faith, he says, "makes labor for the rescue of souls from the impending and irremediable woe of eternity the one consummate duty of all Christians. It does not 'stimulate the Church to preach God as the patron of all goodness, and so to make integrity in business, regard for the interest of others, a noble use of power, consecration of money, sweetness of temper, cordiality of friendship, interest in all movements that promise to bless men more richly in this world, and the effort to instill high principles, and trust in God by slow domestic nurture, the steady and satisfactory and indispensable signs of religious soundness and the Divine blessing.' And now the progressive erratics among us have merely caught up with Unitarians—Universalists of about a generation ago."

ONEOTA.

DEAN STANLEY'S BOYHOOD.

The picture given in the biography of Dean Stanley of his elevated boyhood is particularly attractive. In almost every lineament we trace the Stanley of later years. There is the same fascination, affectionateness, sincerity; the same delicious appreciation and refinement, and the same backbone of decided conviction. There are, however, two contrasts between the boy and the man. We can scarcely associate the shy youth who shrinks from all society, with the one who became the most sociable of ecclesiastics; nor the "excellent handwriting" for which he thanked his first teacher, with that later penmanship which was, perhaps, the worst any mortal ever beheld. But in the boy, as in the man, there is the same keen historical insight and the love of history when invested with its picturesque and local coloring.

His life at Rugby, under its great master, is naturally related at some length, and all who knew the Dean will enjoy the funny picture of his arrival there "in frills"—dressed "in a blue jacket with frills, and with a pink watch fob in relief against gray trousers." How vividly we see him furtively glancing down the table to find if "there were any other boys in frills," or fancy him taking his three steps for every one of the bigger boys he might be walking with. It is a marvelous testimony to the charm of his character that he was exceptionally treated by the big boys to whom the hard fagging of a junior, and even the bullying of a youngster, were familiar pastimes.

"Little Stanley" was the pet of the school. His study was never invaded, nor were his goods ever "bagged." Too feeble, physically, for those athletics which usually form the passport to respect among school-boys, he was nevertheless regarded as something of a hero. For he was no milk-sop; not petulant, nor conceited; but manly and hearty. There was also something in the manner in which the little fellow went up at a bound to the head of his form, and licked the bigger lads, till he took the top place in the school, which won their enthusiastic admiration.

Rugby, like most public schools, had much in it that was coarse, much that was immoral; but Stanley passed through it all without even being aware of its existence. When Thomas Hughes' famous work appeared, de-

scribing life at Rugby, it was like a revelation to Stanley, who was quite unaware of what had been going on all around him.

The relationship to Arnold was, on the side of the master, one of delight in a pupil who responded with keen sympathy to the suggestive instruction of the greatest teacher of his time; and on the side of Stanley it was more than admiration—it was absorbing devotion. On leaving Rugby by he expressed this feeling to his friend Vaughan, the present Dean of Llandaff: "Most sincerely must I thank God for his goodness in placing me here to live with Arnold. Yet I always feel this happiness a dangerous one, and that loving him and adoring him as I do to the very verge of all love and admiration that can be paid to man, I fear that I have passed the limit, and made him my idol, and that in all I may be but serving God for man's sake."

At Rugby he carried everything before him. "Stanley," said Arnold, when he was leaving, "I have now given you from this place every prize that can be given, and I cannot let it pass without thanking you publicly for the honor you have reflected on this school, not only within these walls, but even already at the university." Arnold was referring to the Balliol scholarship, which Stanley had just carried at the age of eighteen. It was the highest honor that a Rugby boy had ever won, and his first thought when it was declared was the delight it would give Arnold. The honor of Rugby is saved!—Donald McLeod, D.D., in Good Words.

ABOUT METEORITES.

An addition to our present knowledge of meteorites has been presented by J. R. Eastman, who furnishes a list of iron aerolites, together with a table of their weights, and remarks as to the relative occurrences of iron and stony meteorites. According to this gentleman, the ratio of weights of the former to the latter is as 1 to 12.23, and the aggregate weight of aerolitic iron which has been observed and discovered up to date on the American continent is about 153 tons. "If the above ratio be true in all cases," he says, "there should have been a fall of about 1,880 tons of lithic meteorites, or in all over 2,000 tons of aerolitic matter precipitated upon the earth." Mr. Eastman offers the following theory to account for the apparent excess of iron over stony meteorites: "When a stony meteorite falls to the earth it generally breaks into many fragments, and the ruptured surfaces plainly indicate the nature of the catastrophe. No case is on record where an aerolite showed any indications of having been twisted, broken, or torn from another mass of the same material. The true type of meteorite which reaches the earth from outer space is probably similar to that which fell in Iowa county, Iowa, on February 12, 1875. The celestial visitor is composed almost wholly of lithic matter, but scattered through the mass are small grains of nickeliferous iron. This iron may exist in the stony matrix in all forms and sizes, from the microscopic nodule to the mass weighing several tons. When the lithic mass comes in contact with the earth's atmosphere, the impacts breaks up the matrix, sets free the iron bodies, and they reach the earth in the same condition, so far as mass and figure are concerned, as they exist in the original formation. In such cases it is probable that the stony portion of the original body is rent into such small fragments by the explosion that these would not reach the earth in any appreciable sizes. The larger masses of iron the more complete would be the destruction of the original body, and the larger lithic meteorites would be those containing the smaller granules of iron."—Iron.

There is a perhaps not unnatural delusion in the minds of untraveled Americans that our cities are the only ones which show the phenomena of rapid growth. We are, therefore, glad to note that some timely facts are given such readers by Dr. Shaw in a recent article. He says that in 1870 New York had nearly 950,000 people, while Berlin had barely 800,000. In 1880 Berlin had still maintained the lead, having 1,578,794 people, as against New York's 1,515,301. This is as quick a growth as Chicago's, and twice as quick as Philadelphia's. During the last fifteen years Hamburg has grown three times as fast as Boston and twice as fast as Baltimore, while Leipzig has distanced San Francisco, and has grown much more rapidly than St. Louis. Munich has outstripped Cincinnati, and Cologne Cleveland.—Ex.

The influence of forests in protecting the water supply is well illustrated in the case of Greece. In ancient days she possessed 7,500,000 acres of forest. To-day she has hardly 2,000,000 acres, and the scarcity of water and other injurious climatic effects are traceable to the destruction of the trees.

Others will judge you, not by what you can be, but by what you are; but you must judge yourself, not by what you are, but by what you can be.—St.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

"Dollars."

Our little maid came home from church Last Sunday with a thoughtful look, Laid by her wraps, and then sat down To read her book.

But something seemed to come between The story and the child, and she Soon strayed off into thought-land, where 'E'en blind men see.

"What is your vision, little maid, There in the land where fancies dwell?" My voice went crashing through her dream And broke the spell.

"A little sod-house in the West Where people go to church," she said; "Some scattered farms where men work hard For daily bread."

"The children—wearing plain, print gowns And coats 'made over' by a rule Not like the tailor's—on their way To Sunday-school."

"The pastor, driving miles and miles To preach the gospel to the poor; Sometimes through bitter, driving storms, And never sure."

"When he will get his salary— That was my vision, Uncle Will, And I was wishing I could help To pay the bill."

"Our pastor preached to-day like this— 'Here is a nation God will bless Above the nations of the earth If righteousness'"

"Can just be written over it By the good people of the land, And Christian settlers in the West Take a firm stand."

"And do their part to write the word; But they've their children's mouths to fill, And they are poor, so we must help To pay the bill."

"I had some pennies that I gave For home mission work to-day, But it takes dollars, Uncle Will, Those bills to pay."

"We have our great, big, handsome church, And here we have a lovely home— So many blessings—don't you think Dollars would come."

"To view for our home mission work If I'd just look right hard for them?" Dear little pleader! She has more Than touched the hem."

Of her Lord's garment—she has caught The very spirit of the Christ, Who, with his gifts, not only gave But sacrificed!"

O, Church of Christ, write righteousness Upon these mountains, prairies broad, And fertile valleys! Take this great, Fair land for God!

Give as the Lord hath prospered you— Time, talent, men—and gladly pour "Dollars" into his treasury— A liberal store."

NORMAN CONWAY.

Over It All.

Over it all—the care and the fret,
The mixture of joy and sad regret,
The anxious thought and the burdened heart,
The bitter loss and the cruel smart—
Over it all—this puzzling dream—
His glad love shines with holy beam,

Over it all—the hope and the fear,
The struggle for right when wrong is near,
The kind intent, tho' the words be cold,
The prayer for patience and love's sweet hold—
Over it all His justice lies
Unchanged by sudden or dark surprise.

Over it all—the day and the night—
The hours of dark, the seasons of light,
Mistakes and blunders and faults and all
The pitiful cries from those who fall—
His kindness waits to help and bless
With a Father's touch of tenderness.

And he sees it all and reads aright
As we cannot do with blinded sight,
And we dare not blame, we dare not chide
When others falter or turn aside;
We see in part, we know but in part,
The human thought and the human heart;
And his will to leave to his own care
The open judgment—it must be fair—
And give him thanks that over it all
His mercy answers his children's call.

—Anna Wilson Simmons.

SUNDAY-OPENING IN EUROPE.

I could wish you might stand an hour with me on Sunday morning in the labor market in Geneva, and see the troops of dull, tired, saddened-looking laborers, in ragged blouses, unwashed from the grime and sweat of one week's work of seven days, trudging off sluggishly and wearily, like dumb, driven cattle, to the work of the next week of seven days. "Are these slaves?" you ask. Slaves! Bless you, no. These are freemen. These are voters and citizens in a land of universal suffrage, under the freest government on earth, with an advanced and liberal constitution of the latest French invention, and with all the modern improvements. No blue laws here. They once had blue laws in Geneva, but they have laughed them down long ago. This, which you see, is liberty, complete, untrammelled, personal liberty. Every one of these free citizens has a right, a proud, irrevocable right to work on Sunday if he chooses, and that is what it ends in for him, and that is what it will end in for you if you choose to make the costly experiment. The workingman who may work on Sunday has got to work on Sunday when work is wanted. The right to rest for each depends upon the law of rest for all. Think of it, think of it twice, think of it again, then say if you will barter away your birth-right, the American Sabbath, the universal privilege of rich and poor, for this miserable French delusion, this continental holiday through which one-half of the people have to toil that the other half may frolic.—Horace Greeley.

What shall it profit a preacher if he preach with a tongue of silver and read a new book every week if he never leads a soul to Christ?—Ram's Horn.

Pails and tubs saturated with glycerine will not shrink.

The Pacific.

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TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us \$7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay \$2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

Wednesday, June 20, 1894.

A WORD FOR THE CRITICS.

If people get tired of the literary critics of the Bible, yet it is one of the things we have to be grateful for that there are men of this name who never tire in their minute investigations. There is a wonderful fascination for them in these surprises of research. They burn the midnight oil while the good folk who dislike their reconstructions are in sleep. It would interest and instruct if some one could gather up the many and valuable results of these midnight toilers. Just now, much is said of the light thrown upon the early part of the second century by the publication of the Diatessaron of Tatian. Especially in the closely disputed point of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, the evidence of this book is counted as highly significant. It was written about 160 A. D. As the author, after accepting the Christian faith under the influence of Justin Martyr, adopted some speculations of the time which were regarded as heresies, a somewhat famous Bishop Theodoret boasted of having in his time, three hundred years later, destroyed as many as two hundred copies of this work. For since the work is a harmony of the four Gospels, it was in frequent use in their place. For this reason, perhaps, the book disappeared. But Ephrem, the Syrian father, wrote a commentary upon it about 350 A. D. That also was apparently lost out of view.

But about sixty years ago two copies of this commentary were found at Venice, and a monk translated it into Latin. In 1876 Dr. Moesinger gave a rendering of it, which did not attract much attention. Five years later Dr. Zahn attempted a restoration of the Diatessaron itself from this commentary and another source more meager still.

In the Vatican library, however, there was an Arabian manuscript which purported to be Tatian's book. It had been known to be there since 1719 A. D. But the publication of Zahn's volume stimulated one of the library staff to examine the manuscript and to write an essay on it. He showed it also to a Coptic clergyman who was visiting the library. This Coptic visitor remembered a similar manuscript in Egypt, and he persuaded the owner of it to present it to the Borgian Museum. By comparison of the two, Ciasca edited, in 1888, in honor of the Pope's jubilee, the text from which an English translation has just been made.

The special point which Dr. Van Veen makes in the *Christian Intelligencer* is this, that although the Diatessaron was embedded in Ephrem's commentary on it, and had to be picked out in no small degree from comparison of style and contents, yet Dr. Moesinger and Dr. Zahn were right in their conclusions and suggestions. Unfortunately, literary criticism is not always verified as in this case. Unfortunately, also, it has made notable blunders. Yet its very blunders have been the occasion of farther and surer search. In the long run, it will be the friend of the truth.

The second annual Mexican Sunday-school convention was held in Guadalajara in April last. A Presbyterian brother, Rev. H. W. Brown, writes to the *New York Observer*, the following items of interest concerning our own work in that city: "The Congregationalists own a neat American church, centrally located on one of the principal plazas, and facing the most fashionable Romanist temple. The church stands on a small, unique block all by itself, and is very conspicuous. The land had to be fought for in a long course of litigation, until the Supreme Court finally declared good Mr. Howland's title. Mr. Howland is a most efficient, active

missionary, and is known all over Guadalajara as the 'Protestant Bishop,' his wife as the 'bishops,' and his children as 'little bishops' (*obispo, obispa, and obispitas*), very good titles for Congregationalists! He ably edits a Spanish paper, *El Testigo*." It seems that the Seventh Day Adventists have commenced a mission, which is fitted out with a physician and two trained nurses, with free medical treatment and a kindergarten teacher.

THE SINGLE TAX CLAIM.

Another friend, long-time reader of our pages, is anxious lest we should, by opposition or neglect, stand in the way of a great reform to which he has given close attention. We will let him state his view of the single tax movement in his own words. We have no doubt that the subject deserves serious consideration: "The single tax is a question now before the country for examination, and it must be met and decided. In its examination nothing will be taken for granted; no reverence is given to opinions, however hoary with years, only so far as they are in accord with reason and justice. If the present condition of labor throughout the world can be traced to the present system of ownership and control of all the resources of nature, and of all the means of producing wealth, then that system should be changed. I believe it will be changed, not in a manner to do violence and injustice to the rights of the present generation, but in a way conformable to justice and equity, both to the present and to future generations. All this is claimed for the single tax proposition, and so far as can be known without practical demonstration, the reasoning, and the facts, and experience of the past, seem to warrant the claim. Certainly, if the land of California is to be for all future time the sole property of those who can buy and pay for it, the percentage of land-owning people will be very small, and will constantly tend to become smaller, and, as the years go by, those who are not land-owners will be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the end of time."

A woman on whom we once called in a pastoral way remarked to us that when she went to meeting she "wanted the minister to preach to her," and she put the emphasis strong on the last little word. Probably, that is somewhat so with us all. Some one who writes to us from Los Angeles feels so about some number of this paper which he glanced over. He laid it aside "with a sad feeling." That was because in that number was [not found] "one word advising Christians to work together and help the poor; not one word of protest against the giant wrongs of organized capital against the struggling masses. Only the liquor evil is mentioned, on which many conveniently lay every evil which exists." It is fortunate that that number did contain this last allusion. For there are good brethren who fail to see enough condemnation in our columns of that evil. We are very glad to say that we do advise Christians to work together, to help the poor, and we do protest against the giant wrongs of organized capital. We should willingly print any more earnest advice and any more strenuous protest which those who have the facts can furnish, always judging ourselves whether we can, in due proportion with other themes, afford the space. But it is one thing to sympathize with the needy and another thing to endorse every measure which may at any time be devised to relieve the distressful situation.

The London Missionary Society celebrates this year its centenary. The Society finds itself in debt about \$150,000, and needs an increase of \$100,000 in its yearly income. An effort has begun to raise a centenary fund.

The sixty-eighth annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society was held in Omaha, week before last; usually it is held in Saratoga, New York. This is its first visit to the West. It was not as well attended as formerly, probably for this reason. General O. O. Howard, well called "our most illustrious living American general," presided. The total expenses for the year have been \$701,441. The Society is in debt to the amount of \$125,000. The whole number of missionaries commissioned during the year was 2,029, the largest ever reported.

A GOOD TIME.

Off last Thursday morning to San Jose. Deacon William Ross kindly met me at the depot, and we delightfully spent the day in his fine, hospitable home and driving about through the "Willows." In and out, and out and in we went; splendid fruit trees everywhere; hundreds of cherry pickers and packers from the city of San Jose go out early and come back late, making good wages; and away go the wagon-loads to the depot, where hundreds of carloads of finest fruit are shipped to Chicago. We find several families who want to subscribe for THE PACIFIC; cultured Christian people; some broken down from overwork in Eastern cities who are fast recuperating in this western paradise. Housed away in beautiful homes among these fruit trees, they do not forget the great world; but want good books and papers to keep themselves *en rapport* with the activities of the day, and especially of California. Great comfort in driving about results from the watering of the roads. This is done as far out as Los Gatos and Saratoga. It is found to be cheaper as well as more pleasant to do this; the roads are thus kept from ruts and holes.

Pastor Tenney has a grand and extensive field in San Jose. The prayer-meeting is well kept up in his absence—he is away in the East. Revs. Walter Frear, C. C. Cragin and Frank N. Greeley have each supplied a Sabbath with good preaching; the last two have fruit ranches in the neighborhood. During the rest of the vacation, Rector Mansfield will take his Episcopal people into our church, and preach to the united congregations.

A few miles out from San Jose is the new town of Campbell, where is our nice church building, all paid for without outside help. This might well be expected in a place where there is no saloon; then the people have a mind and money to help. The good pastor, Rev. Wm. Windsor, lives some miles away, and we did not see him, but his brother-in-law, Dr. Cooper, is ready for every good word and work. Soon a list of probable subscribers was obtained, and with the daughter of our brother, Professor E. Jones, who kindly consented to drive us about, our subscription list was more than doubled. Professor Jones has a beautiful home; and everywhere, as in the Willows, fruit orchards abound.

A few miles further up the road the thriving town of Los Gatos is reached. On the depot platform Rev. A. B. Palmer is seen, and we kindly avail ourselves of his kind invitation to ride with him to his "Oak Grove Cottage" in Saratoga, four miles away. There he has a house full of boarders, all well cared for in this lovely, quiet spot. Friends who want an outing, you will find this an excellent place, at reasonable rates; write our good brother at Saratoga.

Well, here in Saratoga is one of our very best churches, under the faithful care of our dear brother, Rev. W. H. Cross, for the last twelve years. It takes the right sort of a man and church to keep loving company in these changing days for twelve years. Would that we had many more such! It was Saturday, but this good brother went with me all day, and hardly any one said "no," hard as the times are, when, together, we said, "Won't you take THE PACIFIC?" Wasn't it a treat to be with his pleasant family in that parsonage home, and to drive with him along those clean roads, running just under those high-lifting hills and mountains, with all the fair valley below you. What has not God done for California! "Every prospect pleases," and thousands of good people in Santa Clara county are interested in all good things. More and more do the people who own property see that, to attract desirable people of means, there must be a Sabbath, and the saloon must go.

SUMMER SCHOOL FOR YOUNG WOMEN

July 12th-19th.

A summer Bible and Training school for young women is to be held at Cazadero July 12th-19th. The school is under the supervision of the International Committee of Young Women's Christian Associations, jointly with the Pacific Coast Committee, and is open to all young women interested in Christian work, as well as members of local associations throughout the Coast. Similar gatherings are held each year by the International Committee at Northfield, Mass., and Geneva, Wis. Miss Effie Price, the General Secretary of the committee, who conducts the Eastern schools, will also be in charge of the Coast school.

The program each morning will consist of Bible study under efficient leaders and conferences on methods of Christian work. In the evening there will be platform addresses by such speakers as Rev. J. Q. A. Henry of San Francisco; Rev. J. K. McLean, Oakland; President J. N. Beard of Napa College, and Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery, Bualah.

The afternoons will be given to rest and recreation, the groves of giant redwoods furnishing pleasant outings, and the streams near the grounds giving opportunity for trout-fishing and

bathing. Young women will find this a pleasant place to spend their vacation time, combining both rest and help in their Christian work.

For circulars and further information application should be made to the Coast Secretary, Y. W. C. A., 1037 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

WORK AMONG THE FRENCH IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Last summer, Rev. E. J. Dupuy spent a few weeks in this city representing the cause of evangelization in France. He heard that no spiritual work was being done for the French residents of this city, among whom about eight hundred are Protestants, either natives of France or French Switzerland. Mr. Dupuy had to leave for the Northern and Eastern States, continuing his mission throughout the continent until February of this year, when his mandate expired. But his mother, for the last eight years a worker in the Paris McAll mission, kept in her heart the words she had heard with her son, and, on the 1st of April last, after a few visits to French and Swiss families, she opened a Sunday-afternoon meeting in the school-room of the Fourth Congregational church on Green street, kindly placed at her disposal for the time being.

We cannot mention here the difficulties she met, as French-speaking people have not yet accepted that a woman should dare to speak in public, even of the spiritual truths (in the McAll missions, women only speak in children's, mothers' and old ladies' meetings). During the month of April, several pastors in sympathy with the work, and available at that time, came and addressed the small gatherings, in English of course, but it gave the people confidence.

A Saturday-afternoon class for children was also opened, on April 14th, and that is one of the best hopes of the work, as it is written, "a little child shall lead them."

On May 3d, Rev. Dupuy came back from the East, saw here this field too long neglected, and at once set to work, visiting the people, and continuing what his mother had begun. He immediately started pastoral work, meeting with encouragement, in spite of difficulties.

Rev. Dupuy and his mother are doing a work of faith, and wish to recommend it to the sympathy of Christian friends. They find the same need here as did Rev. Dr. McAll in 1871, on his first visit to Paris. May our Christian brethren feel prompted to help those who are without light or guide, and children of the same Father, for whom the same Saviour died.

These workers have been brought here in a most marvelous way. They must remain, not looking backwards after having put their hand to the plow.

A house has been rented at 1110 Powell street, with very suitable accommodations for worship, Sunday-school, and French classes, these last including sewing for the girls, and study of the French language. In order to worship in the new hall, a small platform, a desk, some chairs, and a suitable musical instrument are greatly needed. The churches of this city, or any adjoining localities, who have, perchance, stored away some of these things, can find now, and at once, a blessed use for such by offering them to that mission, begun at the Master's call, and in answer to his will.

For further and full particulars, write to Rev. E. J. Dupuy, 1316 Mason street, who is also found at the same address every Wednesday afternoon.

IN HIS NAME.

As we seldom see anything in THE PACIFIC from Sacramento, I will send you an account of a conversation I had with a little girl belonging to the Salvation Army last Sunday afternoon. I was out in the garden when along came a little tot—she could not have been more than seven years of age; she had on her regulation bonnet. I am fond of children, and most always speak to them, but this little girl was such a sweet little thing I could not refrain from speaking. I said, "My little girl, where are you going?" She said in such a pretty way, "I am going to the Salvation Army Barracks." I said, "Would you like some flowers to take with you?" "Oh, yes, I should be so pleased to have some." At this time my wife came out, and I always like to joke; I said, "On one condition I will give you some flowers, and that is that you will pray for me; for I am a bad man, and am cross to my wife." She looked at us, first one, and then the other, to see whether I was joking or not; finally she said, "Yes, I will; but sometimes 'tis quite a cross for me to speak or pray." Just think of it, you who do not believe in children's conversion! A little girl offering prayer for an old man. God bless her! I know God cannot but answer prayer issued by such sweet, innocent lips. I then asked about a girl I had seen with the Army. She knew her, and said she was a good girl, but her father was a very bad man. "He hangs around the saloons all the time, and she sometimes has to go to bed without her supper; that's too bad, ain't it?" "Well," I said, "can't your Army have any influence over him?" She

said, "Not yet; but we are praying for him." After thanking me for the flowers, and inviting me to the meeting, which she said commenced at 3 o'clock and closed at 5 o'clock, she ran along for fear she would be late. My sympathies have always been with the Army, and will be as long as it is composed of such material. If I should leave the Congregational church, I may join the Salvation Army. I know 'tis rather a noisy place, but being a Congregationalist, I can stand considerable noise.

A MEMBER.

SACRAMENTO, June 16, 1894.

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Having recently visited three of our churches in this region, I send you a few notes of my observations.

The Tulare church impressed me as a staid, sober-minded church, not easily thrown off her balance. She has passed out of the gristle period; all her joints are well compacted. Other churches may take more kindly to new ideas and new methods, but none are likely to hold more tenaciously to the things tried and proved. Other congregations may be more demonstrative, but none appreciate a good sermon better. Possibly there are church-wheels that move more swiftly just now, but Tulare church-wheels have lots of momentum. It will be a long while before they stop rolling. Men may come, and men may go, but she goes on forever. And well she may go on bravely, without a pastor, with such a grand corps of Christian laymen and school-teachers putting their shoulders to the wheels. All speak in terms of admiration of Brother DeKay's work, especially in the Boys' Brigade. I was glad to learn that the boys are resolved to keep up their work, even though their leader has left them.

Good audiences greeted me morning and evening in our church at Fresno. They listened well, even to dull preaching, and were cordial at the close of service. I failed to detect any ears itching after flashy statements. People seemed to attend church from habit rather than impulse, and to be interested in the preaching rather than the preacher. I noticed a good number of business and professional men present. The Sunday-school was well-attended and well-conducted. The Christian Endeavor Society struck me as exceptionally good; about fifty persons attended, and nearly every one took part in a manner indicating spiritual interest. A full complement of committees are at work, one of which, the Hospital Committee, carries flowers and reading matter to the hospital and jail.

Pastor Collins, as everybody knows, is a striving fellow. He is ever reaching out after men. And he knows how to get hold of men, too, as not one in a hundred of us do. Certainly not one in a thousand of us is so well fitted to battle for municipal reform. Personally familiar with the tricks of politics and the voices of society, educated for the law, quick of wit, and keen of tongue, perfectly fearless either in controversy or physical peril, withal level-headed, he is a born leader in the war of righteousness against unrighteousness. The morals of Fresno are decidedly better than formerly, for which no little credit is due to the pastor of our church there. In all this line of work he is careful not to compromise his church. It is very noticeable how solidly his members back him up. Brother Collins, not satisfied with conquering Fresno for Christ, proposes to aid our churches in this valley by conducting evangelistic services in several towns during his vacation.

At Oleander, a sparsely-settled district of vineyards and fruit farms, nine miles from Fresno, our church has prospered under the leadership of George J. Binder. Despite ill-health, he has, in some important respects, quietly revolutionized the community. For example, the boys have transferred their ball-game from Sunday to Saturday. Every one appreciates the genuine spiritual worth of this good brother, and his equally devoted wife. The resident church membership is now nearly forty. Despite the hard times, they are seriously thinking of raising the means to build a house of worship. They own a lot and have a small fund on hand.

(REV.) C. N. FLANDERS.

The receipts of the American Board have been, for nine months—

	Last year.	This year.
Regular donations.	\$303,802 93	\$294,418 50
Donations for special objects.	53,221 74	41,740 05
Legacies.	105,200 50	111,280 42
	\$462,225 17	\$447,438 97

Mrs. Harriet W. Mills of Ventura left, by will, \$8,000 to the Congregational Home Missionary Society; \$1,000 to the California Home Missionary Society; \$2,000 to the American Board C. F. M., and \$1,000 to the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.

S. B. Armour, President of the Midland National bank, Kansas City, Mo., has given \$25,000 to the Children's Home in that city.

TRINITY COUNTY AGAIN.

How few have been the weeks since Miss Grace Scott was consecrated in that precious dedicatory service at the First church in Oakland to her chosen work as evangelist for the C. S. S. and P. S. How short the time since we turned our faces toward the "everlasting hills" of Trinity county, where nature, with wondrous touch, has scattered beauty and bounty everywhere! There are two human conditions in which the offer of salvation is met with indifference, if not with positive opposition. Paradoxical as it may seem, these two conditions are diametrically opposite to each other; for there may be found in the midst of the highest Christian environment, under the shadow of the most perfectly equipped church, the same hardness of heart, the same unwillingness to repent, that obtain in the far outposts of civilization where unbridled wickedness abounds.

For the most part, the spiritual condition of Trinity county would seem to be midway between these two extremes—an exceptionally moral and generous-hearted people for a mining district. Most of the early settlers came from Eastern homes—many of them from New England. With almost no Christianizing influence beyond the pale of a few of these homes, the people have come, after long years of spiritual dirth, to hunger and thirst after righteousness.

A few years ago the chapel at the county seat was burned, and the home missionary, who had been there for a short time, went away. In this condition, I found the county one year ago. One little Congregational church, long pastorless, with four faithful members, and two feeble Sunday-schools, to represent the kingdom of God in the midst of four or five thousand people! During this visit the two Sunday-schools were strengthened and five others organized, the gospel preached in nearly all the centers of population, and, with God's blessing, some souls were won for the kingdom.

To an appeal in behalf of this people the C. H. M. S. quickly responded, sending one of our Seminary's most promising young men to the field. With work in the county-seat (a town of 1,000 people) so pressing in its needs, there remained little opportunity to extend his labors to the places in which we had established Sunday-schools. Yet they were occasionally visited and strengthened. The Word of our God is faithful and true, and we have a right to expect that those who come under its influence in the Sunday-school are being prepared to accept its provision for salvation through the Lord Jesus.

It was this living faith in the Old Book and its promises which led me to feel that in establishing and maintaining the machinery of our 150 and more Sunday-schools we were not fulfilling our whole duty to them. Where was the reaper whose sickle might glean the ripening harvest from these white fields? With the new work so pressing, Missionary Cooke and I could not seem to find time adequate to it. A young lady? Surely, she cannot be the one to labor in rough, rural California. And yet, some way, we felt that such an one, consecrated and in dead earnest, could go and labor where "ministers need not apply." For, sad as it may seem, some of our rural communities are ready to judge all "preachers" by the standard of some ministerial adventurer who once passed their way.

The magnificent power and talent of our Christian young men and women is, to a large extent, lying dormant; not a tithe of their possibilities is being used in direct, soul-saving work. Here was a chance to prove it. May God grant that the example of this young Christian Endeavorer may incite a thousand others in California alone to follow her lead. It was my place to accompany Miss Scott to each of the places in which we have planted Sunday-schools; hold a service or two in each place; introduce her to the people; provide for her entertainment and transportation, and then leave her at the farthest point to work her way around the circuit as slowly as the work in each place required; hold nightly evangelistic meetings; visit the homes; instruct the teachers and encourage the schools.

Miss Scott has just submitted her first month's report. It has the ring of victory from the very first day. Besides organizing one new Sunday-school and two societies of Christian Endeavor, she left fifty souls rejoicing in Christ in one mountain town, thirty-three in another, twenty in a third, and ten in a fourth, who were unevangelized a month ago.

And now I am back in Trinity county again to help Miss Scott and Pastor Galloway gather up the fruits of this precious month's work. Tomorrow we begin with united effort, and in Christ's name, to "march around the walls" of Weaverville itself. The outposts have all been taken; we are now encamped before the citadel. God of the Trinities, let her wall of unbelief give way, and her bulwarks of sin fall! Brethren, pray for us that God may give us all occasion to shout.

LOYAL L. WIER.

WEAVERVILLE, June 16th.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

Prof. George Moor's paper at the last Monday Club on "The Element of Faith in Infant Baptism" was good, of course. You will all want to read it in one of our issues. Rev. H. V. Rominger will continue the discussion which has very much interested the Club for two weeks, and which we hope will result in much practical good. His subject next week will be "Small Churches."

Rev. George B. Hatch of Berkeley supplied the First church in this city last Sabbath. It was his first appearance in that church, and he was listened to with some curiosity and good attention. The Berkeley people have a good minister, as we had thought before hearing him. May the relation long continue, with increasing profit and confidence on both sides.

Rev. Walter Frear supplied Plymouth church.

Rev. R. H. Sink supplied Bethany church while Dr. Pond preached at Stockton, and looked after the Chinese work.

Rev. Philip Coombe's subject at Seventh-avenue church was, "In Order to Live in the Divine Kingdom, We Must Live for It."

Rev. F. Flawith again supplied Olivet church, and preached at the Sailors' Home in the afternoon.

Last evening a council met and recognized the Bethlehem church on Vermont street, near Twenty-fourth street, in this city, as a Congregational church. It has twenty-five members, most of whom were received on confession of faith. A house has been built, costing some \$1,600, mostly paid for. The Church Extension Society has done this, and holds the property, as also a bond for a deed to the ground. Rev. Dr. Warren was the Moderator of the Council, and Deacon Ira P. Rankin Scribe. Professor George Moor preached the sermon, Revs. H. H. Wikoff, W. H. Cooke, H. C. French, M.D., and others took part in the public exercises, which were well attended by the people in the vicinity. Rev. W. H. Tubb is the acting pastor. He has worked hard and faithfully to bring the enterprise thus far.

Rev. O. W. Lucas supplied the Fourth church, Oakland, morning and evening. We heard of the morning sermon, from a good judge, that it was excellent.

Rev. J. C. Robbins of North Berkeley and Dr. Willett of East Oakland exchanged.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff preached in the First church, Alameda.

Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams preached at Cloverdale.

Revs. Maer of Niles and McCollum of San Lorenzo exchanged.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren preached at San Mateo in the absence of Pastor W. H. McDougall, who has been sick, and is recuperating in the northern part of the State.

On Friday evening of last week, a large congregation gathered at the Clayton Congregational church to enjoy a program of music and declamations which had been provided by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The declamations were those prepared by Mr. Demorest, of New York, and in behalf of the medal offered by the same gentleman. There were six contestants—four young ladies and two young gentlemen. They all did excellently and stood very high in the marking by the judges. Rev. Mr. Naylor of Crockett acted as one of the judges.

Children's Day was observed by the Sequel church last Sunday. In the morning the pastor preached a sermon for the children. The music of the service was also specially adapted to the children so that they could feel that the service was really theirs. At the close of the sermon, the needs of the American Bible Society were briefly presented, and an offering taken for that society. In the evening we had the children's exercises, and they were greeted by a well-packed house. The floral decorations were beautiful, and made the church exceedingly cheerful. "The Child in the Midst" was used and generally followed, though some additions and omissions were made. The collection for the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society was quite liberal considering the year.

Oleander Sunday-school celebrated Children's Day on the evening of June 18, the exercises being led by the Superintendent, Mrs. Binder. Selections from "The Child in the Midst," and beautiful singing by the little ones, brought forth a collection of \$5.25 for the Congregational Sunday-school Society. Our pastor, George Binder, ended his first year's work here on June 11th. The following Tuesday evening a reception was given to pastor and wife, at the residence of Deacon Harris. About eighty people present, with congratulations and words of love and good will to him who has ministered so faithfully and so well, and hoping for an extended stay among us, to finish the good work, and help in our effort to build a house for the worship

of God, and a parsonage to make our pastor and family more comfortable. Eleven members have been added to our church the past year, and much good has been done in our midst.

CHURCH COMMITTEE.

Ferndale Congregational church observed Children's Day, June 10th, with more than usual interest. The church was nicely decorated, betokening the success of the hope of our land, "the children." In the morning the pastor, S. R. Wood, preached an appropriate sermon from Luke xviii: 16. At the close of this service five children were baptized. In the evening a concert was given by the Sunday-school. Miss Nina Line, Sunday-school superintendent, presided. The program of songs, anthems and recitations was well rendered. The pastor made a few remarks in closing, showing the great need of missionary work in our own State, after which a generous collection was received to aid in this work. In returning to our homes, we felt it was good to have been there. The afternoon of the same day Rev. S. R. Wood reorganized the Grant Sunday-school, with a large attendance, and the following Sunday will organize one at Centerville.

The Junior Endeavors at Niles are not asleep, as was shown by the social recently given. It was neither a "Maple-Sugar" nor a "Necktie" affair, but a missionary social, and the program was unique. An opening chorus was sung, and a short talk was given by the President. The little folks were supposed to be passengers upon *The Morning Star*, so the sweet song of "Anchored," sung by the young captain, was very appropriate. Several of the little ones represented countries in which missionary work is being done, as Africa, India, Turkey, etc., and they looked very quaint and odd, each dressed in the native costume, as they came forward and read short descriptions of the work being done there, or gave some fact or little incident regarding that region. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," was sung by one of the little girls, and concluded the program, after which the audience was invited to examine the various curios from foreign countries, which had been collected for the occasion. Many of the people passed on to little tables, one of which was presided over by a little Japanese woman who served tea in dainty cups of native ware; a little maid of Smyrna had charge of another table, and distributed dates to all. Later in the afternoon refreshments were served. The company dispersed, leaving behind them, as a substantial reminder of their visit, the sum of \$7.70, which was dropped in small pieces into a miniature missionary ship which stood near the door. The money will be used to aid some foreign mission.

INTERESTED.

We have had pretty near our share of "Children's Day" in Scott's Valley, although we wish we could attend more where they were as well conducted, and so helpful to children big and little. For convenience as well as for pleasure, we held Children's Day exercises on four separate Sabbaths, instead of our regular services—the first at Callahans, May 20th; attendance, 68; collection, \$4.75. Etta, May 27th; attendance, 175; collection, \$6. McConaughy, June 3d; attendance, 70; collection, \$2.50. Mound, June 10th; attendance, 45; collection, \$2.55. Total \$15.80.

(REV.) A. S. McLELLAN.

EASTERN.

The church at Ottawa, Ill., received forty-six on confession June 3d.

Forty-five were received by the church in Revere, Mass., June 3d.

After a pastorate of thirty-one years Rev. C. B. Rice of Danvers, Mass., has resigned.

Hartford Seminary celebrated its sixtieth anniversary June 6th and 7th. Dr. Brand of Oberlin gave an address on the second day.

Dr. J. G. Merrill of the Second church, Portland, Maine, has resigned, and purchased the *Christian Mirror*, which he will conduct thereafter.

The Evangelistic Association of New England has pitched a tent that will seat one thousand, on R street, South Boston, where there will be preaching every night.

The thirtieth anniversary of Central church, Philadelphia, has been celebrated by a full week of special exercises, including a sermon by Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn. Few will consider that in the beginning of affairs Congregationalism had a larger hold on that city than it has had since Jedediah Andrews, the first pastor of what is now the first Presbyterian church, was from New England, and that church was independent for seventy years.

A marble portrait bust of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, executed by Annie Whitney of Boston, was unveiled May 24th at the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford, Conn. The bust was unveiled by Hilda Stowe, a granddaughter of the distinguished author. Mrs. Stowe's sister, made an address. The bust, which cost \$1,000, was paid for by subscriptions of Connecticut women.

WHITMAN COLLEGE.

"I went to Massachusetts for my mother, to Maine for my wife, to Tacoma for my pastorate, and to Pasco for my sand," were the words of Dr. L. H. Hallock of Tacoma as he began his after-dinner speech at the commencement dinner at Whitman College on Wednesday, June 6. President Eaton began the commencement exercises by a very able baccalaureate sermon on the Sabbath previous. Dr. Hallock was to have followed with an address to the Christian Societies in the evening, while Rev. C. L. Diven was to have delivered the commencement address on Monday evening. But alas! in these days of floods, both of these gentlemen with Mrs. Hallock reached Pasco, one of the most sandy places of Eastern Washington, seventy miles from their destination, only to be kept there until the following Tuesday because of a washout. Rev. A. J. Bailey, Superintendent of Home Missions for the State, kindly consented to take Dr. Hallock's place, while Mr. Diven delivered his address on the following Wednesday evening. Mrs. Hallock was the only one of those on the program who reached Walla Walla in time to fulfill her part in singing in the commencement concert on Tuesday evening. This was a decided success, being conducted by students and graduates of the musical department, with the assistance of Mrs. Hallock, who was very enthusiastically received and encored constantly.

Three young men graduated from the college—W. F. Orwe, P. M. Winans, and C. E. Cornwell. After the graduating exercises, a bounteous dinner was ready for the trustees, alumni, instructors and invited friends of the institution, at which from a hundred to a hundred and fifty persons sat down. This was mainly provided for through the kindness of Dr. N. G. Blalock, one of the trustees, and late President of the World's Fair Commission for the State of Washington. He has the finest fruit and strawberry farm in Washington, without doubt, and the next day provided carriages for the trustees and a few other friends to visit it, not only allowing them to roam and pick at will, but also sending several of them home with a crate of strawberries apiece.

Prof. L. F. Anderson, a former instructor in the College, and son of its previous President, very kindly entertained the alumni and a few others at his residence on the previous Friday evening.

Dr. D. K. Pearson of Chicago, with his usual generosity, has promised Whitman College \$50,000, provided its friends can raise \$150,000 more within eighteen or twenty months. So now the effort for a new step upward in the history of the College begins, which will take President Eaton away from the institution a large share of the time in the near future. A strong committee was selected to canvas Walla Walla for subscriptions to this fund, and many kind expressions of sympathy were heard among the moneyed men of the place. Walla Walla has fortunately felt the hard times much less than most other places in eastern Washington. It is situated in a rich agricultural region, and yet not on any main transcontinental line of Railroad, so that it never had the boom of many other places, and so has not had such a reaction as they have had.

The personnel of the faculty remains the same for the coming year. Professors W. D. Lyman and T. C. Craig, with Miss H. A. Pepon, Miss A. S. Young, and Mrs. M. C. Gunn and the President constitute the main teaching force, while Professor B. H. Rupp continues as instructor of music.

The institution was very fortunate in having the presence and advice of more friends from a distance than usual, as Revs. L. O. Baird of Pullman, S. D. Belt of Ellensburg, S. B. L. Penrose of Dayton, H. F. James and Hon. J. A. Perkins of Colfax, A. J. Bailey, State Superintendent of Home Missions, S. Greene, State Superintendent of Sunday-school work, M. Eells of Union City, W. Nutting, D.D. of Seattle; as well as Dr. Hallock and wife and Mr. Diven already mentioned.

The New York Independent has been asking nine men of large experience and ripe judgment the question, "Is the world growing better?" Seven of the men say "yes." Dr. Cuyler refuses to say either "yes" or "no." Mr. Moody says "no."

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Bucking-ham's Dye, which colors natural brown or black.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

FOR SEASICKNESS.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. J. Fourness-Brice of S. S. *Tribune* says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases, prevent seasickness."

TO RENT.—Seven-roomed house, furnished, with all modern conveniences; hot and cold water; medicinal springs; beautifully situated in Contra Costa hills; two and a half miles from station; rent, \$35. Buggies, cow, poultry and fruit additional, if required. For further particulars apply to THE PACIFIC Printing Office, 7 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier. Harmless, effective, and agreeable, it has taken high rank among toilet articles. This preparation causes thin and weak hair to become abundant, strong, and healthy, and restores to gray hair its original color.

Ladies, call at the Wonder Hat, Flower, and Feather Store, 1024, 1026 and 1028 Market street. Spring Hats, new flowers and ribbons. Low prices. Branch of the Wonder, 999 Market street.

The article which appeared in the April *Forum* under the title, "Why Christian Missions Have Failed in India," by Virchand A. Gandhi, a native Hindoo lawyer, has caused an immense amount of comment, not only in the religious, but in the secular, press. Mr. Gandhi's article is very effectively and strongly answered in the June *Forum* by Mr. Fred Perry Powers, who takes as the title of his article, "The Success of Christian Missions in India." The same issue of the *Forum* also contains an article by the Rev. J. M. Farley, Vicar-General of the Diocese of New York, on "Why Church Property Should be Taxed." The *Forum* may be obtained from all leading news-dealers.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ANNIE E. KIMBALL, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of the Annie E. Kimball, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said estate at No. 330 Pine street, rooms 42 and 43, the same being the office of my attorney, R. Thompson, and the same being my place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. JOHN KIMBALL, Administrator of the estate of Annie E. Kimball, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 18, 1894.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

At Lockeford, Tuesday morning, June 12th, Quinton Riley McGary, the seven-year-old son of W. R. and Fannie McGary, met with an accident which resulted in his death. A gate was unhooked for the convenience of the hay-makers, then tied up with rope. The poor little fellow, coming along driving the cows to pasture, thought the gate should be shut. Whilst untying the rope, the gate fell on him, breaking his neck.

A member of our Sunday-school for nearly four years, also a member of our Loyal Temperance Legion. He was always an obedient child; talked of death, leaving an impression that he should be happy with Jesus. Very deep sympathy was shown by the large number who attended the funeral services both at the home and the church. The following is added in sympathy by a friend:

Weep not for the little pilgrim,
He's reached the golden shore,
To sing among the angels
In the bright forevermore.

Weep not, for he's been transplanted
To the Paradise above,
To bloom more bright, more beautiful,
In the sunshine of God's love.

This broken link has joined you
To a home beyond the tide,
And some day you may meet him
Just on the other side.

Think not of the little grave-mound,
But of the Father's home so bright,
Where all the little children
Are robed in snowy white.

M. E. P.

DIED.

FOOTE.—In Lockeford, Cal., May 29, 1894, Gilbert Foote, M.D., aged 38 years.

His early education was obtained in Lockeford, after which he entered Washington College, at Washington Corners, now called Irvington. He then entered the medical department of the University of California, and graduated in the class of 1879, since which time he has followed his profession. In 1889, he removed to the Hawaiian Islands, and was appointed Government Physician by King Kalakaua, in the district of Kau, Hawaii, after which he established himself in the city of Honolulu, where he had a very extensive and successful practice until he was taken by that terrible disease known as *la grippe*, which, with its sequel of diseases—rheumatism, rheumatic gout, and heart spasm—caused intense suffering for nine months, then produced death.

MARRIED.

WILCOX—CONGER.—In Beulah, Alameda county, Cal., June 13, 1894, by the Rev. David Wirt, grandfather of the bride, Nathan B. Wilcox of Portland, Or., and Miss Edith Conger of Beulah, Cal.

WRIGHT—HERMANN.—At 1009 Green street, June 14, 1894, by Rev. H. H. Wikoff, George D. Wright and Freda Hermann, both of this city.

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Williams' Pink Pills and Syrup of Figs, 35c.
Mellin's Food, large, 55c.
Cuticura Resolvent, 70c.
Rubber Gloves, per pair, 10c.
Imported Castle Soap, per bar, 40c.
Joy's, Hood's and Ayer's Sarsaparilla, 60c.
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Young Folks.

The Spider Web.

Whenever I see
On bush or tree
A great big spider web,
I say with a shout:
"Little fly, look out!
That web seems pretty and white,
But a spider hides there, and he's ready to bite."

So if any one here
Drinks cider or beer,
I say to him now,
With my very best bow,
"Have a care of that lager or cider,
For there hides a wicked old spider.
And it fills him with joy
To catch man or boy
And weave all around him with terrible might
The meshes of habit—the rum appetite."
—Prohibition Advocate.

THE STORY OF A RABBIT.

If you are an only child, you know what a lonely life the child without a sister or brother leads. I don't know whether you ever have read Mrs. Molesworth's story about "The Cuckoo Clock"; if you have, you know what comfort little Griselida, who was an only child, took in hearing the cuckoo in her aunt's clock talk to her. There is a little girl I know who is an only child; she has little playmates come in to play with her, but she says that is not having playmates who belong to you, playmates who get up with you, and go to sleep with you. Now, boys, do not begin to think this is going to be a girl's story, for it is going to be a story for boys, too, before it is much longer.

This only child had dolls and dolls. You see all her friends felt sorry for her, so when it was birthday time, or Christmas time, somebody was sure to send her a new doll. She loves these dolls very much, but they are not alive; they open and shut their eyes, to be sure, and one of them can say "papa and mamma," but still it is because of wires and works inside that come out sometimes when dolly gets a tumble.

This little girl thought she would like a rabbit, and her mamma thought it would be very nice to have one. So a pretty gray and white one was bought, and a cage made for it, and it was kept in the play-room, or on the fire-escape. The little girl "took such comfort with it," so her mamma told some callers. Every day she fed it with lettuce, kale, cabbage, or carrots. She went marketing for the rabbit just as her mamma did for the family.

It was all very well for a time, but by-and-by papa and mamma said that a flat was no place to keep animals in; after awhile the cleaning of the cage became quite a trouble, and "bunny" evidently did not enjoy an imprisoned life. He wanted more room to jump about in, and finally papa said it was positively cruel to keep an animal shut up like that. He said it was really wicked, and the family were amenable to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

There was a little boy who used to come with groceries, and instead of sending them up on the dumb waiter, when he had only a small amount he would come up the stairs, just to see the rabbit that chanced so often to be in the kitchen hopping about, for the cook was very kind-hearted, and she would give it an outing now and then.

The little girl grew to like the "grocery boy," he was so "mannerly and gentle, and when the subject was spoken to her of giving the rabbit away where it would have a home with a yard to live in, she agreed to part with it if "the grocery boy" could have it. But papa said probably "the grocery boy" lived in a flat, too, and his mother would not wish to be troubled with it. However, the little girl stopped "the grocery boy" one morning when he had brought in a basket of apples, and asked him if he lived in a flat. He said, no, he lived in "one of the old settlers," three blocks away. He meant by this that he lived in an old house that stood in a lot that had not as yet been taken for building purposes.

"Would it be a nice home for a rabbit?"

How the "grocery boy's" eyes sparkled then; he began to see what the little girl was considering in her mind. "A fine place!" he said. "There is room enough for a large 'hutch' (that is what rabbits' homes are called), and it could have a large run, for I could pen the 'hutch' in so he could not get out."

"And would you be very kind to bunny?"

"Oh, yes, just as kind as could be; and I have a little brother who is a cripple—he scarcely ever goes from home, and it would make him jolly enough to have a rabbit to watch and take care of. My, he would be so pleased that he'd forget all about how his back hurts him."

Then mamma told the "grocery boy" to come in when he went to supper, and he could take "bunny" in a basket home with him. AM ISOI.

The little girl had such a kind, unselfish heart that she was really happy over letting the "grocery boy" have bunny. "He will have a big place to run about and have fun in," she told her mamma, and he will be such a comfort to the little boy who can scarcely ever go away anywhere, and I am sure they will be kind to bunny." So when the "grocery boy" came, instead of crying and making herself

so sorry over bunny's going, she helped put it in the basket, and said: "Good-bye, bunny. You're going to have a better home than this; you will have room to skip, hop and jump in. I hope you and the poor little boy will be happy together."

Bunny went to his new home, and when the "grocery boy's" mother sent for the little girl to come and see her former pet, she went with mamma.

"I think bunny really knew me," she said, when she told papa about the visit. "He stood right up on his hind feet and bowed his head."

The "grocery boy's" mother said, "Bunny is such a comfort to my poor little boy, and they have lots of fun together."

When the little girl heard auntie say, "It was quite remarkable that she parted with bunny so readily," she replied; "it wasn't because I did not like him, or got tired of him, or did not know I'd be lonely without him, but because I knew it would make bunny so happy to have room to live in. And then, that poor little boy, auntie, you know he needs bunny more than I do, a hundred times."—S. T. P. in the Evangelist.

SINGING MICE.

A four-footed creature that sings is certainly curious enough to have its existence doubted; and many people do not believe such a thing as a singing mouse has ever been seen, or, more correctly speaking, heard. It has, though; and in a certain house beloved of mice generally, what sounded like the voice of a very small bird was often heard in the wall. A trap was set for the uproarious ones that kept up a constant squeaking and gnawing, besides nibbling every viand that they could possibly get at; and one night the dainty bits of cheese lured into captivity a mouse that looked like other mice and acted like a wren. Such a quivering, musical little warble could scarcely come from any other throat than that of the tiny bird.

But it was soon proved beyond a doubt that mouse did it himself, and that he must be the very singer who gave the mysterious wall concerts, so the next thing was to make him a cage. It was quite an uncommon one, as uncommon as he was himself—a glass globe covered with netting. A warm nest was arranged in it, and the curious little performer took very kindly to his luxurious quarters. He had, of course, the best cheese to nibble at, and he evidently considered himself in clover. He put on airs, too, and seemed to know when he was being watched. At such times he would raise himself up, and try with all his small might and main to act like a canary. Sometimes he would hold up one paw, and then he was a full-fledged prima donna, sending forth such loud notes that it was almost startling to hear him.

But an easy life did not seem to agree with the amusing little rodent, and possibly he pined for the home in the wall, with its boundless freedom, where he may have left "his young barbarians at play." In a few days he died without any apparent cause, and the experiment of caging a singing mouse was altogether unsuccessful.

Other four-footed warblers have been kept in good condition for a much longer time, giving abundant opportunity to make some very interesting discoveries in regard to their musical organs. They do not, it appears, sing with their throats, like other songsters, but with their noses. Their vocal chords are vibrating folds of the skin at the outlet of each nostril, and the performer can vary the tone from high to low by using more or less force in expelling the air. When quite by himself, the sound produced by the singer resembles that of an Aeolian harp; but in a cage, when the small prisoner is often singing for effect, the notes are much bolder.

A cat purrs very much in the same way as a mouse sings, and both are signs of comfort and satisfaction. But the mouse's song, unlike that of the cat, has given rise to many absurd superstitions, and houses have acquired the bad reputation of being haunted because of singing mice in the walls. The soft wailing sound which the song then assumes is said to come from the uneasy spirits of those who have been murdered; and the servants who are frightened by the singing mouse could never be made to believe that the continual picking and stealing from the pantry are done by the singer himself and his near relatives. For although it seems as if so gifted a creature should be above such night marauding, he is really no better than his commonplace companions.—Ec.

Gump—I wish a fellow could borrow money as easily as he can borrow trouble. Humph—If you could make money as easily as you can make trouble, you wouldn't need to borrow any.—Boston Transcript.

"Patrick, you haven't given fresh water to the gold fish." "No, miss, they ain't drunk wot they had already!"—Harper's Bazar.

Mistress: "Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the floor, Kate?" Servant: "Oh, yis, mum—aisily. Oisstepped in it."—Tid-Bits.

BOOK AGENTS.

I am well aware that I shall render myself unpopular by championing that much maligned class, book and magazine agents.

"Did you let in that book agent?" asked a lady acquaintance.

"Certainly, how could I do otherwise and be ladylike? He evidently wished to rest a moment from his weary round."

"Well, I allus tell 'em, pretty curtly, that I don't want none of their wares. If everybody felt as I do, the lazy coots would hev to find other employment. They'll never git a cent of my money!"

I assured her that I not only let this particular book agent in, but I purchased his book, which, upon examination, I found to be a real treasure.

"Humph!" said she, "I wouldn't encourage such laziness in an able-bodied man!"

"My dear Mrs. B.," said I, "I happen to know that he is far from being 'able-bodied.' Learning that he was from L—, where we formerly lived, of course we had mutual acquaintances. His family physician was formerly mine, and this good old doctor had advised his traveling as a relief from incipient dyspepsia which close confinement to business had induced. He did not enjoy canvassing, but an object in his travels was essential, else he would derive no benefit to his health, and his time and traveling expenses would be a dead loss."

Well, she was convinced against her will, hence she's of the same opinion still.

Now, in regard to this traveling fraternity, they surely are not to blame for the business. We must go back of them to the publishers, who are the real cause of book agents, since they prefer to introduce many of their most valuable works in this manner.

I know a very modest, retiring woman who took up the business of canvassing for a magazine—since she suffered from insomnia. Her physician thought the constant change of scene would be conducive to sleep without the aid of soporifics. She could not go hither or thither, with no object in view, and being in straitened circumstances she felt the need of earning at least her expenses. In six months she was able to resume her family cares, and that awful insanity, which the doctor had feared, was thereby prevented.

Who of us housekeepers deem the annoyance of a half-hour's interruption anything compared to that mind-grooping in a "horror of great darkness!" Truly "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and every frame its suffering.

Doubtless, many seek this work that are able to "dig"; but anathematize the rich publishers, who take the "lion's share" of the profits, and none of the opprobrium.

Neither "my uncles, my cousins, nor my aunts," are in this employment, nor do I contemplate the business, but I believe in giving even the book agent his due. After all, can we obtain from publishers, agents, or any other source, too many good books or periodicals?

FRIENDSHIP.

No friendship can be maintained without mutual sincerity. "We parry the approach of our fellowman," says Emerson, "by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds." "But," he adds, "a friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another." It would be hard to overestimate the advantage of an intimate companionship which, in the midst of so much artificial intercourse, is thus self-revealing. It is an antidote against pride, and at the same time a tonic to self-respect. Only those who love can afford to be sincere with one another. For their sincerity is something more than rude bluntness or ungenerous disapproval. It is tender as well as true.

A good story is going the rounds about the poet Longfellow, in connection with the issue of the first volume of his poems. Longfellow was very painstaking with his manuscript, and always sent in the copy for each form nicely stitched together. To distribute it among the compositors, it had to be cut apart. This annoyed the poet greatly, and he protested earnestly against the mutilation. Three different proof-sheets were sent him, it being understood that if the last proof was not returned to the office within half an hour, the form would be struck off. On one occasion Longfellow wrote on the back of the first revise:

"Mr. Griffin, Mr. Griffin I W. If you let that 'devil,' Theodore, cut my copy any more, I'll destroy him in a jiffy."

The lines were set up and printed in the final revise which was sent to the poet; and then taken out. The boy had hardly reached office when Longfellow rushed in, white with ex-

citement and fear lest the form had been run off. His relief on discovering that he was the victim of a practical joke may be better imagined than described.

THOROUGH WORK.

The old saying that the German piles up greenbacks where the American sets out for the poor-house, is strikingly illustrated in a story from Kankakee county, Ill. Fritz Loeb, an awkward young German, trudged into the country one day and inquired the price of twenty acres of land. Young Ed Bunch, of whom he made the inquiry, and who had inherited a fine farm and money besides, laughed at him. "A twenty-acre farm!" he said, "why, that wouldn't support a hen and chickens."

"So?" remarked the German.

Fritz bought his twenty acres of land and went to work. Day after day, as Mr. Bunch drove to town behind a span of bays, he saw Fritz weeding the garden, cutting thistles, or hoeing corn. The German's land yielded more to the acre, his cows gave more milk, his hens laid more eggs, than his rich neighbor's. Pretty Mrs. Bunch, noting the German's prosperity, said to him one day: "You ought to take a wife," Fritz answered. "No one would haf me," he smilingly answered.

"Some little Dutch girl might." "So?"

Years rolled on. Fritz, prudent and industrious, was making money. Mr. Bunch still drove to town behind the span of bays, but he often borrowed money of the frugal German, and before long the farm and stock were mortgaged to the man who had proved that a twenty-acre farm would support something else besides a hen and chickens. Mr. Bunch died, and Fritz came into possession of the fine farm. There was little left for the widow and her two boys, aged ten and twelve.

"Der little boys can drive oop der cows and dig 'aters," said Fritz. "Let dem live with me."

The widow consented, and the boys, fond of Fritz, threw up their hats and turned summersaults on the grass. One day in July, Fritz took refuge at the Bunch farm-house during a thunder-shower. The widow, nervous at such times, was glad to see him, and gave him an easy chair, and invited him to smoke. As the smoke from the pipe curled up over his head, Fritz remarked:

"Der farm vhas mine?" "Yes, Fritz."

"Der span of bays vhas mine?" "Yes, Fritz."

"Der leetle boys vhas mine?" "Yes, Fritz."

"I no likes to leave noddings. Vhas der vidder mine?"

She looked through the window at the rainbow arching the retreating storm-cloud, and she answered in a low voice:

"Yes, Fritz."

The next day they drove to the parsonage behind a span of bays.—Exchange.

THE SABBATH IN THE PACIFIC.

Dr. J. G. Paton tells an affecting story of a visit to a neglected island in the Pacific, where he found, to his amazement, though no missionary was there, or had been sent there, there was a sort of Sabbath-keeping. Two old men, who had a very little knowledge of the truths of the gospel, were keeping track of the days, and on the first day of each week they laid ordinary work aside, put on a calico shirt kept for the purpose, and sat down to talk to those whom they could call about them, and in a simple way recited the outlines of a wonderful story they had once heard about one Jesus. Dr. Paton inquired where they had learned this truth, and they answered that, long before, a missionary had visited the island for a week or two, and had given each of them a shirt, and told them something of this story of Jesus. He asked if they could remember the name, and they said, "Yes; it was Paton." Thirty-three years before he had, in his evangelistic tours, stopped at this island for a few days; and here, so long after, was the fruit. The calico shirts had been worn but once a week, carefully preserved for the Lord's Day, and the only way to keep the day which they knew was to meet others and tell what they could remember of the wonderful story. What shall Christian disciples say at the great day with regard to the shameful neglect of perishing millions?—Exchange.

Ex-Governor Robert Taylor of Tennessee, who is lecturing in the South on the "The Fiddle and the Bow," tells this story during the lecture. He was once talking to an old "cullud gemman," when he asked: "Well, John, what are you doing these days, anyhow?" "I ae a zorter now, I is, Mars Bob." "An exhorter, you mean." "Yass, sir—er zorter—dat's hit." "I thought you were a preacher. What's the difference between a preacher and an exhorter, John?" "Difference twixt er zorter an' er preacher is zackly dis—preacher, he stiek to de text, but de zorter, he hits all around."—Atlanta Journal.

Aim to be so pure in heart and life that God will approve and give you tokens of His love.

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When the long, bright day is done
And the last rays of the sun
With a fading light the hilltops fair adorn,
It is sweet to rest awhile,
And a moment to beguile,
In listening to the rustling of the corn.

Oh, that music soft and low,
When the summer breezes blow,
Bringing back the happy scenes of childhood's
morn.

When through all the summer day
I have whistled the hours away
Playing hide and seek amid the rustling corn!

Through the dim uncertain light,
I can see the phantom bright
Of a loved one who, in childhood's rosy morn,
From our home was called away,
And her shout and laughter gay
Seem to echo faintly through the rustling corn.

Like a dream those pleasures flew,
With the years returned anew;
Little ones within our cottage home were born,
And once more I hear the shout,
See the running in and out,
Happy children hiding in the rustling corn.

Many years have passed away,
And my hair is turning gray,
Gone are all the loved ones of life's rosy morn,
But I feel their presence near,
Long-forgotten voices hear,
While I listen to the rustling of the corn.

—Hannah B. Stout in Portland Transcript.

THE ORGANIST'S STORY.

"That is a fine view of your organ, Doctor, but I would like it better if the organist faced this way. What a grand face he has, anyway! It looks as if it might have a story."

"And so it has," said Doctor Marsden; "that of a man led by God's grace from the lowest depths of sin and shame up to the place he fills so well."

The two gentlemen were sitting in Doctor Marsden's quiet study, the thick curtains shutting out the darkness without, the rain dashing in wild sallies against the windows they hid. But the storm and darkness without only served to deepen the sense of light and comfort within.

At least, that is what Mr. Avon thought as he settled himself more comfortably in the easy chair, saying: "It's just the night for a story, Marsden; so let us have it, by all means."

"Doctor Marsden took from a stand-drawer a picture, which he placed in Mr. Avon's hand.

"That is Edward Lacy as I first saw him, George. Can you trace any resemblance?"

Mr. Avon studied it in silence a few moments. It was the picture of a man with the manhood crushed and brutalized out of him. Ragged, unkempt, a slouch had drawn well down over the haggard face, the whole attitude was one of despair.

"Can it be possible that your grand young organist ever looked like that, Doctor?" queried Mr. Avon.

"Yes, and only three years ago, too. You remember that I always had a liking for photography?"

"Yes," laughed his friend; "people said you spoiled a first-rate photographer when you turned domineer."

Well, perhaps I did. At any rate, I've taken a great deal of pleasure in it, and I hold that everybody ought to have some pet recreation to rest his mind. But to my story: Three years ago this Thanksgiving I was out on the veranda with my camera, and was just going into the house, when Leticia said, "Turn your camera to the other corner, papa." And doing so I saw the scene depicted there.

He soon became a familiar figure to us, having gone as hostler at the hotel on the street below us. His face attracted me at once; it was so sad, and would have been so noble had it not been for the finger-marks of sin. I grew to watching him, especially as I found that he had a genuine love for music. For when, on Saturday afternoons, our choir met for practice, I always noticed him standing near the church walls, where they adjoined the hotel grounds.

And while the grand organ music ebbed and flowed in waves of harmony, and the fresh young voices of our choir sang the dear old church hymns, the hard look would die out of his face, leaving it for the moment fresh and innocent. I tried to make his acquaintance; but he shrank from me so painfully that I gave up the attempt. But God laid him as a burden on my heart, and I daily prayed that he might be saved. And God, ever mindful of his children and his promises, gave me my request.

"That winter was a season of special interest in religion, and for week's God's Spirit brooded softly over our city, and our church became a very Bethel to many a soul. And day after day, while I rejoiced over the wanderers coming back to their Father, my heart yearned over the poor outcast. I had several times invited him to the meetings, but had met with so decided a refusal, spoken, withal, in voice and language which showed him well educated, that I desisted. For I was afraid I would drive him from the one pure pleasure of his life, that of listening to the music from the church. But as the days went by I saw a change in Lacy, as I found his name to be. His rage had given place to decent clothes, and he did not so often show signs of intoxication as at first. But I believe it was our grand old organ, after all, with God's blessing upon it, that made a man of him."

"One Saturday afternoon Leticia, who is the leading soprano in our choir, was in despair because the organist had been suddenly called away, and there was no time to procure another. We stood talking over the matter near the rear walls of the church, not noticing Lacy in the adjoining yard. In a moment he came forward, and begging pardon for his intrusion, asked if we were not speaking of the organist's being away. On my replying in the affirmative, he continued, 'If you would trust me, I could fill his place, I am sure.' I looked at him, not able to veil my astonishment. He colored as he met my eye, and turned away, but Leticia stopped him. 'We would be very glad to have you play, if you are accustomed to an organ.'"

"If you will kindly try me and see," he answered, his face growing white with suppressed feeling. He leaped lightly over the wall, and in a few moments we three stood in the organ loft. I shall never forget his face when he got his hands upon the keys. It seemed as though ten years of sin and remorse dropped from him as he touched the notes lovingly. Silently Leticia and I drew back and listened. He began with loud, wild strains, a minor key sounding harshly through the clangor. But as he played—great drops of moisture upon his face—the wild mood gave place to softer feelings. The harsh minor strain grew soft and pleading, wailing through the low notes like the sob of a grief-stricken child. Suddenly he stopped, and leaning forward upon the organ, he burst into a flood of tears such as strong men seldom shed. We stole away and left him there, and by-and-by we heard him playing over the old familiar hymns. He filled the place both then and on the morrow, though the people started to see him there. It was easier after that to get him into the meetings, especially after some of us interested ourselves in getting him a better situation.

"Not all at once, though, did he reform, but when his besetting sin threatened to engulf him, or he found himself sinking again into the mire of sin, he would escape to the organ loft, and there fight out the tempter. But before the meeting closed he sought and found the 'One who is mighty to save,' and one night when the church was crowded, he stood up in the altar and told his story. It was pathetic in the extreme. I can only give you the outlines.

"He had been the only son of well-to-do parents, ruined, as so many are, by college life. He had made music his profession, and had gone to Germany, there to perfect his education in that branch. His life there had finished what college life had begun, and he came home a wreck. His father would have turned him off, but the mother clung to him, shielded him as only mothers will. But by-and-by the crisis came, and to save his only son from prison garb, the father had sacrificed his all, leaving them destitute. The proud father sank under the blow, and passed away, leaving the poor mother and little sister to bear up alone. In vain she pleaded with her boy; he told her it was too late, and leaving her in the care of friends more tender than he, he had gone away. For five years he had been wanderer, sinking farther down as each year rolled by.

"When he had finished a hush fell upon the crowded church, and many wept whose eyes had long been strange to tears. His first thought was of his mother, and he did not rest until he had sought her, and brought her and his sister Myra to our city. Soon after this our organist left us, and Edward Lacy was chosen to fill his place. He is doing well, and has a large class in music, besides his place as organist here."

Mr. Avon had listened with intense interest, and as Dr. Marsden finished he said: "And was not that dear old lady who sat in one of the front pews with a lovely young girl his mother? I judge so from the love which shone in her eyes as she watched him."

"Yes, and they were waiting for him as we passed out."

Mr. Avon looked again at the picture as he said: "What hath God wrought? And yet there are people who mock at the power of religion, and call God a myth."

"Yes," responded the doctor, "but remember it is the 'fool' who 'hath said in his heart, there is no God.'—Hope Allen, in the Christian Intelligencer.

We are inclined to complain a great deal of the extortions that the railways place upon farmers, and to put up philosophically with the extortions that result from our own local mismanagement of the highways that intervene between our farms and the railway station. The cost of hauling our products ten miles upon our ordinary country roads is as great as the railway charge for carrying the same load half way across the continent. No single thing would go further toward relieving what is termed the "depression of agriculture" than a definite movement to make and maintain good roads. Good roads save time and temper, wagons, harness and money.

HOW BISMARCK PROPOSED.

At the time of her marriage the girl who is now Bismarck's wife relinquished a name which would not have misbecome the heroine of a Bab Ballad—von Puttkammer—writes the Countess Wilhelmina in a sketch of the Princess Bismarck. The Fraulein Johanna was a most charmingly sweet and modest country maiden—in spite of her name—when at the wedding of one of her friends at which she was bridesmaid she met young Herr Otto von Bismarck, a strapping, dissipated, high-handed young dandy of thirty-one, with a reputation for fire-eating and flirtations which would scarcely have disgraced a Kentucky colonel of twice his years. These two young people, as Rosalind says, "No sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved." Hence it was that immediately on his return from the wedding young Otto wrote to the parental Puttkammers, with whom, by the way, he had not the slightest acquaintance, demanding the hand of the Fraulein Johanna in marriage. The paternal Puttkammer seems to have been somewhat of a diplomatist, for without committing himself to either a consent or refusal, after learning from his daughter that she cared for young Otto, he wrote, inviting that estimable young gentleman to visit him. Preparations were made to have his reception one of becoming solemnity and dignity; but the effect was rather spoiled by young Bismarck, the moment he alighted, going up to his sweetheart and kissing her soundly in presence of a number of guests. The immediate effect of this embarrassing and shocking behavior was the prompt announcement of the betrothal, which was followed, a year later, by the marriage.

Some persons have a prejudice against the black currant on account of its odor, which might equally affect the tomato in their estimation. A writer in *The Country Gentleman* says: To my mind there is no more serviceable small fruit grown. It is easy of cultivation, a good and regular bearer, always in demand at a good price, and he who cannot enjoy black currant jam or a black currant tart has a defective palate, that's all. Lozenges prepared from the black currant were formerly much used for throat affections, while actors and singers habitually carried them with them. The bush, when fed and trimmed properly, lasts much longer than that of the red currant; it has also a further advantage over it in being free from the currant worm, and, as far as my experience with it goes, is singularly free from ailments of any kind. It is capable of great improvement by high cultivation, and in England great pains are taken with it, as well as with gooseberries; with the latter, however, in the climate of this country, there is less certainty of success. When canned, black currants make an additional and valuable variety, both in appearance and flavor, to our list of winter preserves.—J. H. C.

PEACH CULTURE.—The Hale brothers of Connecticut, who have had such remarkable success in peach-growing, shorten in the new wood of peach trees one-third to one-half, in the spring, when the fruit buds begin to swell. This style of pruning leaves a homely tree, but they get the crop; we may get a good peach crop with ninety per cent. of buds winter-killed. After the fruit is set for a new crop, they thin till there are no two peaches within four to six inches of each other; it is hard to get help to do this work thoroughly, but it pays. They kept borrowing money to pay for fertilizers for their peach orchards year after year, till they were in debt nearly \$7,000; but in the ninth year they received \$9,000 to \$10,000. Stick, and then your neighbors will tell how lucky you have been. They occasionally have cases of yellows, but when the trees are well-nourished the cases are rare.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

If you have land which is originally very strong, it may perhaps be apt to leave the orchard in sod, applying the needed fertility by top-dressing heavily with manure each fall, but if the land is at all thin, a much surer method will be to cultivate thoroughly, keeping the land free from grass, and manuring also in the autumn. We have never known of any attempt to take a yearly crop of grass, grain, or vegetables from a mature orchard, but that resulted disastrously to the fruit production, and in time injured the trees permanently. The orchard will pay well enough, if you give it proper care, to entitle it to the full and free use of the land.

It was on a Back Bay horse-car. At street he stopped the car, and, upon reaching the crowded platform, attempted to get off on the wrong side. "The other side," madam, said the conductor. "I want to get off on this side," she insisted. "You can't do it, madam," was the reply. "Conductor!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I want to get off on this side of the car." Whereupon the polite official of the West End, in a loud voice, remarked, "Gentlemen, please stand aside and let the lady climb the gate."—Boston Transcript.

Household.

Table Talk gives these directions for canning Lima beans: Fill the jars full of uncooked beans, then fill the jars full of cold water and lay on the tops. Place straw or hay in the bottom of a wash boiler, place the jars on this, and pour in sufficient cold water to half cover them. Put the boiler over the fire, cover it closely with the lid, and boil steadily for three hours. Take up the jars, see that they are all filled to overflowing, and screw on the covers as tightly as possible. Stand aside, where the air will not strike them, to cool. When cold, again screw the covers, and keep in a dark, cool place. Asparagus and peas may be canned in the same way.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Cut off the tender tips (and use them as though they were green peas), cut up the stalks, put into salted boiling water, and boil till tender. Bring three pints of milk to a boil; thicken with a teaspoonful of flour rubbed into a teaspoonful of butter. Rub the asparagus through a colander and add to the milk, simmer fifteen minutes, stirring often. Pour three tablespoonfuls of cream into it immediately before pouring it over some croutons in the bottom of the soup tureen.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Slice three or four firm, fresh tomatoes, and stew gently in half a pint of stock until they are tender, but not broken. Take them up carefully; season the broth highly with black or red pepper and a little of some fiery catsup or bottled sauce; add a small cupful of cream, salt lightly, let it boil up, and pour over the tomatoes.

CLEANING THE COFFEE-POT.—If your tea or coffee-pot has become discolored inside, put into it a teaspoonful of baking soda and fill it two-thirds full of water, and let it boil two hours. Wash and rinse before using.

People who insist that eating green corn from the cob is the only enjoyable way will welcome the new corn-holders—silver loops with a sharp point easily pushed into the ends of the piece of corn.

A good way to keep a knife perfectly sharp is to use a "rifle," such as the farmers sharpen their scythes upon. A few turns on this will give an edge that will cut through anything.

If you have set something hot on oil-cloth and it turns white, drop on a little spirit of camphor and rub with a dry cloth.

Throw a quantity of salt in the stove if the chimney is on fire and there is danger from sparks; if not, let it burn.

Circles of felt, pinked or scalloped, are invaluable to put between choice china plates when piled in the closet.

A large, soft sponge, either dry or dampened, makes a good duster.

They were discussing religious questions. Brown—"I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death, neither does man. There is no difference between a man and a beast." Deacon Jones (demurely)—"If anybody can convince me of that, Brown, it would be you."—Boston Transcript.

The gentle exercise on a cycle produces better and more lasting results than does any other. It seems to be suited to the needs of women in a most remarkable degree, and to furnish them with precisely what they require to build up their health and strength.

Charlotte—Oh, how slippery these rocks are! Take a good hold of my arm, John, and if I slip, hold on like grim death; but if you slip, for goodness' sake let go.—Pearson's Weekly.

COULD HARDLY WALK

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Southern California.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

Hartford Sunday-school reports an average of thirty-five in attendance, a growing interest among the young people, and steps being taken to secure an organ. An informal song service for the purpose of learning the Sunday-school songs is quite regularly held around at the several homes, there being no religious services in the neighborhood.

The Union Sunday-school at Redondo Beach reports growth, and asks a small grant on its order for next quarter's Sunday-school supplies. Such help is like "bread cast on the waters." At any rate, the good work being done merits some recognition and help.

The First Congregational Sunday-school of Pasadena reported 205 in attendance June 10th. This school is under the skillful lead of Professor Arthur Hamilton of Throop University. A wise application of tried methods in secular education is securing an unusual amount of thorough work in both Bible study and Bible teaching. Quarterly written reviews are still used after thorough trial during the past year. The primary department of this Sunday-school is strong; it averages over fifty. The best in kindergarten methods is being used, and several of its graduates at eight or ten years are at the same time ready for church membership. June 10th, this church and Sunday-school celebrated Children's Day at the hour of forenoon preaching, with a large audience and a well-arranged and well-executed program. The primary class was given a large place on the program. Its songs, recitations, and prayers were so instructive and natural as to impress the audience anew with the Master's model qualification in the candidate for the kingdom of heaven. Superintendent Case, by request, presented our Sunday-school missionary work, and a good collection was given to that cause. The birthday offerings of the primary class, about \$3.75, was dedicated to the same object. This same primary class recently sent its library to the new school at Vandervilt.

Under the efficient help of D. C. Maxfield of Jamul the new school at Jamacha was fully organized, and started out in a hopeful career of Bible study. Twenty-four were reported present June 3d.

Hyde Park reports interesting exercises Children's Day, June 10th, and sends its contribution to the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society of \$10, which places it at the head of the list—the banner school for the largest per capita offering to our work in 1894. Who wants to go "one better" and take the banner?

Pico Heights observed Children's Day, Sunday evening, June 10th. A crowded house listened attentively to a long, varied, and well-rendered program of recitations and songs. To all the workers much credit is due for their thorough preparation of their scholars. The room was trimmed with flowers and flags. Kind friends from Los Angeles and Hyde Park gave much appreciated help in singing. One exercise, "My Country," deserves special mention. It was an almost dramatic presentation in action, recitation, and song, of the moral and religious dangers that threaten our nation, and of the only remedy—the Word of God faithfully taught to all. A bright girl, dressed in our national colors, wearing a bright crown, and holding a large flag in her hand, recited, expressively, selections showing our country's position and opportunity. Then four boys, bearing respectively named standards, "Immigrant," "Woman," "Anarchist," "Liquor," confronted "America," and announced their spirit and claims. Immediately following their declamation came, at "America's" cry, four girls, and, confronting "America's" enemies, each in turn presented them with the copy of the Bible, declaring it, in some appropriate Scripture verse, the sword of the Spirit to overthrow these enemies. Upon receipt of these books, dropping their threatening standards, both friends and now-converted "foes" rallied around "America," and sang unitedly, "My country 'tis of thee."

Don A. Judd, Superintendent of the First Congregational Sunday-school of Los Angeles, brought the greetings of his school in words of cheer and exhortation, and Superintendent Case briefly presented the missionary work. An offering of \$3.65 was made to the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society.

Perris church and school observed Children's Day, June 10th, reports a good time, and sends \$12 to our Sunday-school Society.

The West End Sunday-school, Los Angeles, observed Children's Day on June 12th. The church was prettily decorated, and several birds among the decorations gave forth joyous songs. The Little Sunshine Band took special part, and the members of the Sunday-school filled up the program, all of which passed off very pleasantly, indeed.

CHURCH NOTES.

The first contribution to the Home Missionary Society for the new year in the Perris church comes from the Y. P. S. C. E. The young people have just handed over to their pastor \$7 for home missions, secured by the Fulton pledge plan of two cents a week.

The church building at Chula Vista is begun. The foundation and first floor are laid, and the walls are going up. It is expected that the building will be covered before the first of July. The dimensions of the church are 44x44 on the ground, on a plan that will meet the needs of the people fairly well for the present. Under the ministry of Brother Earl the congregations have greatly increased. Many come who have not previously been church-goers. The Christian Endeavor Society has over fifty members and most of them active. The Sunday-school is doing a good work for the children and young people. Children's Day exercises were delightful. The pastor, instead of a sermon, gave an address on "The Lights of Childhood."

Sunday-school at Needles closed for the summer June 10th, because the teachers left for a cooler climate. Preaching services will continue till the end of June, and longer if the people will come. The Indian school at Fort Mohave will shortly break up for the summer, and Pastor Overton hopes to do something for the Indian boys and girls when they return to Needles. He plans also to visit Vandervilt—preaching, visiting among the miners and help in the Sunday-school. He closes his work at Needles this summer, where he has done most faithful and self-denying work. Few men give themselves more unreservedly to the Master's service.

It is reported that the division caused in Hesperia by the liquor question has almost entirely disappeared. The party selling the liquor has given up the business and made friends with those opposed to the sale of liquor, and has promised to attend church gatherings.

The Children's Day services were well attended at Barstow, Daggett and Calico. The Sunday-school at Daggett is closed for the summer. Congregations at Calico are encouraging. At the last two meetings it was necessary to bring in twenty chairs in addition to the usual seats. A congregation of about sixty, mostly adults, gathered at Hyde Park to attend the exercises of Children's Day. The program was excellently rendered by the children, under the direction of the Superintendent, Captain F. B. Clark. A quartet made up in that neighborhood, whose singing would delight any assembly, added much to the interest of the occasion by their gospel songs.

At Third church, Los Angeles, the morning exercises of Children's Day will long be remembered on account of the baptism of a large number of the members of the Sabbath-school who desired thus to confess Christ as the result of the evangelistic services lately held in that church.

Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., of Plymouth Congregational church, San Francisco, will deliver the address at Pomona College Sunday evening of commencement week.

RIVERSIDE.

Children's Day was appropriately observed June 10th. The service was held in the morning in the church, which was tastefully decorated with ivy and flowers. The Sunday-school entered the church in a body, singing the glad song, "The Banner of the Cross," accompanied by the Sunday-school orchestra. The devotional exercises were all of a joyful character, and the pupils acquitted themselves well in their recitations. Special interest centered about the members of the primary class, who stood on the platform each one carrying flowers. A little six-year-old girl sang, with remarkable ease and accuracy, that sweetest of hymns, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." The ordinance of baptism was administered to six little ones, and the pastor brought before us most impressively the thought of this service being a sign and seal of God's covenant, and the special privilege and blessing which these children received through this rite, and emphasizing the duty of the members of the church to watch over and care for these children of the church.

A ten-minute sermon for the children, which was also just as good for the older people, was given by the pastor.

The work of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society was presented by the young ladies in an excellent paper. The offering for the Society amounted to \$30.

In the evening the subject, "Religious Business and Business Religion" was considered by the pastor, and an interesting paper was also presented by one of the laymen, the president of the Sunday Evening Club. The object of this Club is to

increase the far-reaching and spiritual power of the church, especially in its Sunday evening service. All are welcomed to its membership who are able to render assistance at this service. There are various committees appointed—to welcome strangers, on invitation, and the program committee. The pastor is advised with in all these departments, and nothing is done without his approval. The officers are elected for three months' service. It has been the means of bringing out talent which has failed to appear through the ordinary means, and the attendance at this service has been somewhat increased.

The Y. P. S. C. E. received an uplift from the State Convention held here last month. The meetings were of rare interest and power, and the influence of such a gathering, and of these Endeavor Societies, who can estimate? As our pastor in a recent sermon tersely expressed it, "The Christian Endeavor Society is a great organization, whose members are not only in training for work, but are in the field carrying the banner of the cross to distant nations, and helping on the day when at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow." M. P. L. RIVERSIDE, June 13, 1894.

At a meeting of twenty-two Congregational ministers at Los Angeles, California, June 4th, answering a call for the formation of a Congregational Ministerial Association, after a full discussion of the subject the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

"Resolved, That, as Congregational ministers, we condemn the action of the Congregational church and pastor at Fresno in its recent dealing with its Armenian members, as un-congregational and unchristian."

It may be added that these ministers had ample knowledge of this subject, as the Rev. Dr. Robert G. Hutchins, pastor of the First Congregational church in Los Angeles, was a member of the recent Council in the Fresno church, and has the documents of the case.

J. B. IRVINE, JR.,
LOS ANGELES, June 4th. Scribe.

COMMENCEMENT AT POMONA COLLEGE.

Pomona College is about to celebrate its sixth anniversary and first commencement. Eleven young men and women form the graduating class; of these, seven were trained in the fitting school of the College, and are, in good faith, charter members. It is confidently hoped that a large number of the friends of the College will attend some or all of the exercises. That no confusion in the matter of entertainment may arise, those who plan to come are urged to write at once of their intentions to Professor E. C. Norton, Claremont.

The following is a program of the week: Sunday, June 24th—11 A. M., Baccalaureate sermon; 4:30 P. M., vesper service, with communion; 7:30 P. M., praise service; 8 P. M., address before the Christian Associations.

Monday, June 25th—3 P. M., Dole prize debate, Freshmen; 7:30 P. M., closing exercises of the senior preparatory class.

Tuesday and Wednesday, June 26th and 27th—9:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M., second annual exhibit of the School of Art and Design.

Tuesday, June 26th, Class Day—9 A. M., tree planting; 10:30 A. M., exercises in the chapel; 2 P. M., grove program; 7:30 P. M., fourth anniversary of the School of Music; Haydn's Oratorio, "Creation."

Wednesday, June 27th—10 A. M., graduating exercises; 1 P. M., lunch and after-dinner speeches; 8 P. M., President's reception.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY REV. S. A. NORTON.

It is the maxim most applauded and most neglected. Everybody lauds it. Not everybody lives it. You could scarce find one in a day's search who would not say, "That is a beautiful sentiment." You might find a hundred, meantime, who never seriously planned to make it something more than a sentiment. We call it golden, then treat it as though it were leaden. "Golden it is in the measure of its worth, and as being the key to the 'Golden Age'—that new era of peace and prosperity on earth."

Men who have not reckoned with its full significance sometimes say, when pressed by the claims of God, "My religion is in the Sermon on the Mount. I believe in the Golden Rule; that is religion enough for me." Ah, yes! that is too much religion for many of us—far too much for one who has no source of power above his own consent and purpose. Still, those who say this are not far wrong, perhaps. Religion as Jesus taught it and lived it is a very practical matter. Like its great Teacher, the gospel comes down to earth, and walks with men. It enters homes and business places as well as synagogues and temples. It has to do with con-

duct, which, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said, is at least three-fourths of life. Men are right in thinking religion practical, and in demanding of the Church a practical message and ministry. The world's needs are very real, its burdens very heavy, its temptations great. Let it hear a message of help for daily life. Jesus brought such a message, and whenever all the emphasis has been put upon a life to come to the dwarfing of the significance of the life that now is, violence has been done Christ's message.

So practical is this message that when it is preached in downright earnest not a few protest that ministers should confine themselves to religion instead of meddling with business and politics. Let them preach the "simple gospel." Surely, the simple gospel; but let them preach it all. He who said, "Come unto me," who said, "Men ought to pray," who said, "Lay up treasure in heaven," said also, "Whatsoever ye would *do ye." That leaves out nothing which affects men, especially in their social relations. That is as large as life.

And that is the message which means the healing and help society needs to-day, for which society is groaning and travailing in pain, waiting for redemption. Redemption is here. When men learn to transact their business, and do their work, and conduct their social life according to this law, redemption will be known. There is another golden rule—the rule of gold—

"To others I'll do what I see
Will bring the most money to mine and me."

It has had wide sway. It has dictated a science of wealth, and made it a science of selfishness. Carried to its legitimate end, it sets every man's hand against his fellow. It is a declaration of war. But Christ came to bring peace on earth, and the world is waking to the truth that his golden rule is the way of peace. There is a grand company of men in this world who repudiate selfishness as the supreme motive of life, and are not satisfied with a theory of business which makes it supreme; men who demand that business proceeds from another assumption, and that business methods be subordinated to the law of kindness; men who believe that Christ meant what he said, and that there is no other way of bringing peace and general prosperity into human society save by doing as he said. And doing as he said is at the outset the repudiation of the doctrine that selfishness is the supreme law of business. For he said, "Whatsoever ye would *do ye." That is not selfishness; that is brotherliness. That reckons not wealth, but man, as supreme.

A fine theory, truly, some say, but impractical. It will do for an essay, but it will not work in the markets and the mines. Will not work for whom? Will not work for the greater good of the greater number? Will not work for the relief of misery and the increase of happiness? If it is meant simply that it will not work for the few at the expense of the many, that it will not work riches through robbery and oppression, that it will not work to take away the poor man's pittance to be added to the rich man's store—all that may be granted at once. But if it is meant that it will not work more happiness because more justice and kindness, that it will not right wrongs, and drive out wrath and bitterness, then evidence must be furnished. Jesus said it would work. It does work when tried. It works in homes, and makes them types of heaven. It works in neighborhoods, and makes delightful circles of friendship. It will work in the markets when men are ready to make it work. The only thing that renders it impractical is the fact that many do not practice it.

Thank God, many do, and their number is increasing. We are learning that success means more than money. Success involves character, and character involves relations to others. Men are learning to put religion into business as well as business into religion, and the business world knows aggressive, successful men, who carry the Golden Rule to their business places, who would scorn to make a dollar they could not pocket with clear conscience, or to treat a fellow-man so that they would not dare to face him at the bar of God. The conscience of the world is not all in the ministry and the writers of books on social ethics. There is a vast deal of it in the stores, and banks, and factories. There are numbers of successful business men who put being above possession, and rate character higher than cash, and consider a brother of more value than many dollars. There is no more deadly business heresy than the notion that success means recency to Christian principle. I verily believe the day is hastening when even on the lower plane, the money plane, success will be impossible on that basis.

There is just one thing needed to make the Golden Rule practical and prevalent everywhere—that is the Spirit of Him who uttered it. He

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did not expect men to keep it in the old spirit of worldliness and selfishness. Schemes without number for the wholesale regeneration of society have failed. Every scheme must fail which presupposes men to be what they ought to be, instead of reckoning with men as they are, and seeking to make them what they ought to be. Jesus made no such mistake. He did not leave out the chief factor in solving the problem of society. He introduced men to God before he introduced them to each other. He taught them to say "our Father" before he taught them to say "my brother." It will not do to cut his philosophy of life, of society, in two, and teach half of it to suit ourselves. It is a complete whole. It must stand as such, or fail. Christianity must be Christian. It must believe in God the Father Almighty. It has been too common to leave out the chiefest word of the Golden Rule—the opening word. "Therefore," said Jesus, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would *do ye." The word links the law to the power for its fulfillment, as the wheel is belted to the engine, as the electric lamp is joined to the dynamo. Your Heavenly Father will give to them that ask; therefore, because God is over you and in you, because his grace is sufficient for you, because there is power not of earth to transform earth; therefore whatsoever ye would, do. Now you may build the city of God on earth, for you have men who are citizens of his kingdom of whom to build it. Now you may have brotherhood realized among men, for you have fatherhood revealed in God. And there is no other hope for the regeneration of society save this hope in Christ of regenerate men. Social redemption is a myth and a dream without personal redemption. Redeemed men will make a redeemed earth.

It does not require profound knowledge of social science, of its history and philosophy, to be a helper in making this world a better place for men. People who have not studied Louis Blanc and Lassalle may have part in this work. A Greater than the great reformers and makers of the world has spoken, and in terms so simple that a child may understand, so practical that we may each begin upon the scheme at once—has spoken the word which is the soul of all true social life on earth. Your Heavenly Father will give grace; therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

BAPTISM—HOW, AND INTO WHAT?
BY REV. GEORGE MORRIS.

Rev. Dr. Fairfield, a Baptist minister for twenty-five years, was invited to write a work on "Baptism" for the Baptist Publication Society. He wrote a work on the subject which changed his own views, and the work is published, not by the Baptists, but by the Congregational Publishing Society. To those of your readers who have not seen his book, a few points, greatly condensed, may be acceptable.

He sets out by intimating that in the New Testament the word "baptize" means neither immerse, nor sprinkle, nor pour, but conveys in its ritual use the general idea of ceremonial purification by water. Centuries before Christ, "bapto," meaning to dip or immerse, was extensively used. Coloring or dyeing was usually by dipping or immersion, so the word "bapto" came to mean color or dye, without any reference to the process. Dr. Alexander Carson, one of the ablest Baptist writers, makes this very important statement concerning the word "bapto": "From signifying to dip, it came to signify to dye by dipping, and afterwards to denote dyeing in any manner."

This only shows, what even a very superficial study of language proves, that words change, sometimes very much indeed, from their original meaning. "Bapto" so changed, and granting that "baptizo" originally meant to dip or immerse, in course of time its use came to mean cleansing and purifying.

The Baptist—note the Baptist—American Bible Union gives a list in one of their books of some one hundred and fifty passages, in which the word "baptizo" occurs in Greek literature. From these it appears:

Twenty times it was used of a ship going to the bottom of the sea; 18 times of one sinking or drowning; 19 times of dipping into oil; 6 times of plunging something—as a sword—into the human body; 2 times of land overflowed by water; 4 times of difficulty of sinking things into very salt water; 30 times of dipping into milk,

vinegar, wine, honey, wax, fire, ointment, etc.; and about 70 times figuratively, of being sunken or overwhelmed in cares, debts, ignorance, sleep, passion, drunkenness, taxes, crimes, vices, sorrows, afflictions, calamities, punishments, difficulties, etc., and every time in a bad sense.

These are classical uses of the word baptize, and the Baptist writer, Dr. Carson himself, says: "The idea of water is not in the word itself." This being so, may we not pertinently and very emphatically ask, when the word baptize is used, baptized into what? Into water, or oil, or blood, or vinegar, or fire, or ignorance, or passion, or punishment, or what? Let us bear in mind that in Christ's great commission, and in Peter's pentecostal answer, this is the word used, and without any indication whatever of the what or the how.

Let us advance a step and note the law of ceremonial cleansing as laid down in Numbers xix. The ashes of the burnt heifer should be put into a vessel, running water should be put thereto, and this water should be sprinkled upon him with a bunch of hyssop in the hands of a clean person. This cleansing process was by sprinkling, yet it is called baptizing. Many other illustrations are in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers. Can also refer to Heb. ix, 13, 14, and x, 22.

Josephus says, "Baptizing by this, ashes put into spring water, they sprinkled on the third and seventh day." Without enlarging as to references and illustrations, it appears that the Jews used the word "baptizo" for two or three centuries before Christ, to indicate ceremonial cleansing by water, and the water sprinkled. Christ assuredly used the same word in its general and accepted use and signification then, or he would have explained it; and it is this word—"baptizo"—so used and so understood that he uses in his great commission.

Let me recommend the perusal of Dr. Fairfield's "Letters on Baptism," published by the Congregational Publishing Society, Chicago and Boston.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held on Thursday, June 7, 1894. The death of the Hon. John Jay, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, having occurred since the last stated meeting of the Board, a memorial minute concerning him was unanimously adopted. Grants of books were made for distribution to the value of about \$4,037, including a consignment to the Central America Agency of more than 3,000 volumes.

Appropriations in funds were also made to the amount of \$2,664, including grants to the Spanish Mission of the American Board, the Bengal Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Evangelical Society of Geneva. The issues from the Bible House during the month of May were 96,000 volumes; issues since April 1st, 188,878 volumes.

The Bishop of Liverpool, in a recent address to his clergy, said: "A clever, learned man, I see, may spend his life in reading tame and tasteless Christian essays, full of sound divinity, without a spark of fire in the whole discourse, and see no results among his hearers. On the other hand, I see less intellectual men, without university degrees, like Spurgeon, Moody, John McNeill, filling places of worship to the doors, arresting attention and affecting lives. We want more simplicity of language, more plain speaking, more directness of style, more boldness and fire in the delivery. It would be well if most of the old sermons were burned."

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